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What God hath wrought

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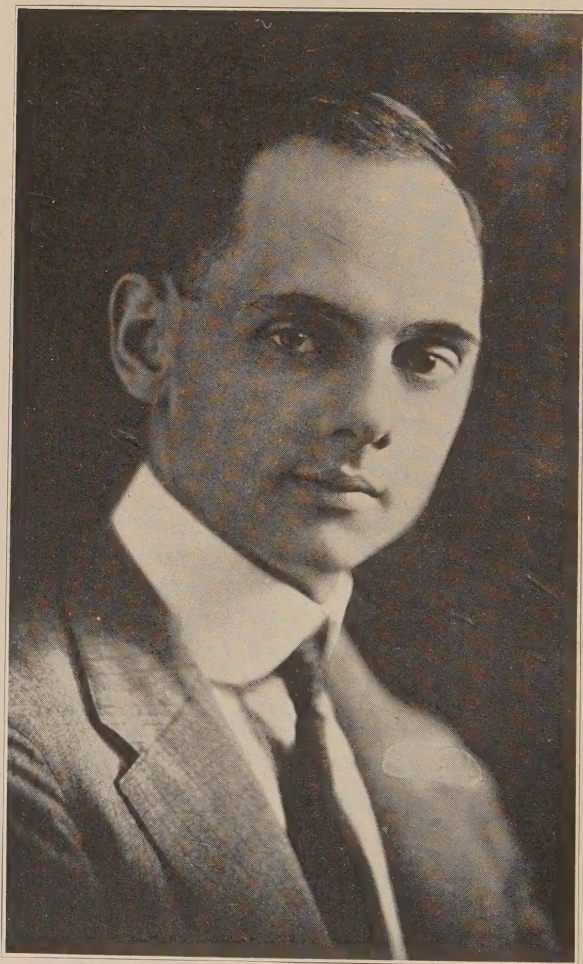
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RAYMOND T. RICHEY

What God Hath Wrought

IN THE LIFE OF

RAYMOND T. RICHEY

BY
ELOISE MAY RICHEY

PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY
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"To Raymond T. Richey's mother, whose faith in God has stood the test of years of sunshine and of shadow; of happiness and of sorrow; and whose love for the faith in her boy have played such a big part in making his life what it has been; to her whose love for, and patience with, young people has made her well-beloved by them, and who is mother not only to her own boys and girls but to young people wherever she goes; to dear Mother Richey, this book is affectionately dedicated."

"THE AUTHOR"

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ELOISE MAY RICHEY
HOUSTON, TEXAS

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INTRODUCTION

By H. L. HOUGHTON

Jesus speaks through human lives. It is His plan that the world is to see Him in us. Hence he said to His disciples, "Ye are my witnesses."

From Paul to the present day He has always had an outstanding man advocating the true faith, calling men to the feet of Jesus, backed by the authority of the Word of God, of the Power of the Holy Ghost and backed by a life of simplicity and of Christ-likeness.

Such a man is Raymond T. Richey, the Evangelist of Old Time Religion and of the Gospel of Healing. Unlearned in the books of the schools, but wise in the things of life, skilled in the knowledge of man, purified in the furnace of affliction and of threatened death, and glorified by salvation from sin and by the healing of a broken and hopeless body, he loves and exalts the Word of God, the Blood of Jesus, and the living present power of Him who is the same yesterday, today and forever.

He is a stinging rebuke to the unbelief that is robbing the church of its power. He is God's answer to modern

infidelity. His meetings in which we have seen over 100,000 saved in three years and tens of thousands healed are the best argument in favor of the truth and the power and the divinity of Old Time Religion. Praise the Lord!

For some time it has been a strong conviction on the part of those who know him best that his life story should be published and given to the world.

That has been accomplished by the one best fitted to do so, by his own dear wife, Mrs. Raymond T. Richey, who with facile pen and deep feeling, sympathy and understanding has given us this book.

She it is who has been with him through his struggles of prayer and of faith; she it is who has seen him cry before the Lord for souls; she it is who has looked into his heart of gold and has seen there his love for Jesus and his passion for souls. She it is who has stood in line and has helped pray for over 100,000 poor, helpless sick that the great physician might touch into health. She it is who has rejoiced with him over God's answer to prayer. Surely it is most fitting that she should write that life, and under God's Providence she has.

I have faith to believe that God will make it a messenger of comfort and help to thousands.

“AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE WILL
SERVE THE LORD”

Raymond Theodore Richey comes of a family of preachers, Christian workers and devout Christian laymen and women. Especially has this proven true of his own and the preceding generation.

His father's eldest brother, Theodore J. Richey, recently called to be with the Lord at the age of seventy-six years, was a well known and well beloved United Brethren minister, both pastor and evangelist, and his name means much in the early history of that Church in the states where he rendered faithful pioneer service.

Raymond's father, E. N. Richey, now in charge of the Houston Evangelistic Temple, an interdenominational work in the city of Houston, Texas, was converted at eighteen years of age and early began working for the Master.

It was during the childhood of his four older children that he was appointed District Superintendent of the International Sunday School Association. This carried with it great responsibility and much hard work, but no remuneration, so, of course, had to be carried

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on in addition to his own work, which at that time was farming.

Early on Sunday morning a team of mules was hitched to the buggy and sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by the oldest daughter, Besse, now Mrs. E. G. Gerhart (wife of the Treasurer of the Houston Evangelistic Temple), he would leave home to drive many miles to some school house in his district for the purpose of organizing a new Sunday School. During the first year of his superintendency thirty-nine new Sunday Schools were organized in one county; the second year between fifty and sixty were organized in his district and the third year as many more. These Sunday Schools were organized in places where there were no churches at all and many of them later formed the nucleus for a strong Church. So hungry were the people to get into a religious service that many of them drove for twelve to fifteen miles and some of them walked long distances. For three years he was district superintendent and even after this, he continued to work along this line.

Was not this work a real sacrifice of time, strength and effort, you ask. Indeed it was. A farmer must be up early and late at his own work and the only time

he can spend with his wife and little ones is the Lord's Day, but both Father and Mother Richey felt that the Cause of the Master was worth the sacrifice and so when in order to reach the appointed place in time for the afternoon service he must leave early in the morning and it was not possible for him to reach home again sometimes until late in the night, neither of them thought of murmuring. It was for Christ and He had done much for them; should not they do their little bit for Him?

Raymond's mother, Sara Jane Waggoner, was converted when only fifteen years of age and when the new home was established, it was established on prayer; the young couple, the wife only eighteen and the husband twenty, pledging themselves to the Master for His service. The mother, ever as brave as the father and as willing to work and face the hardships of pioneer life, went with her husband to Nebraska and living in a 'dobe house with only two small rooms faced the trials and privations of early western life. In the summer, the hard winds would blow the dirt from the "ceiling" and the walls onto the beds that had been snowy white in the morning and in the winter would drive the snow under the doors and around the frames

of the windows. It was a hard, brave struggle for cleanliness and for cheerfulness, but the little mother met it with a smile and it was in Nebraska that three of the children were born: Mary Jane, Roxana and Andrew J.

Raymond Theodore, sixth of the family of eight children, was born September 4th, 1893, on a large farm near Atwood, Illinois, and some of the happiest recollections of his childhood center here; especially in the big, green pasture where with his brothers and his cousins much of his playtime was spent. It was in this same big pasture while the boys were at play that the stick was thrown that almost resulted in the loss of Raymond's sight.

E. N. Richey was early a believer in the coming of our Lord and it was not at all unusual for this to be the subject of conversation when the family gathered 'round the table at the meal hour, at the time of family worship or on Sunday afternoons when father, mother, children and the many men employed on the big farm gathered for an hour of singing of gospel hymns, Scripture reading and prayer.

Andrew J. Richey, oldest brother of Raymond; Director of Music in all his campaigns, soloist, trombonist

and himself a preacher, says that it was a remark his father made at the breakfast table one morning relative to the probability of the soon coming of Christ that led him to think seriously of the condition of his own soul. Although then only a lad of twelve years this bore on his mind throughout the day and that night in the quietude of his own bedroom, he knelt and wept his way to Calvary and to peace. It was this brother who about ten years later pledged to God and to himself that he would pray daily for the salvation of his brother Raymond until he should see him surrender to Christ. This pledge was made at the dawn of the New Year, near Chicago, Illinois, and as the New Year dawned in Canyon City, Colorado, just one hour later (allowing for the difference in Central and Mountain Time) Raymond T. Richey rolled from his bed and asked God to open the way for him to go to a certain revival meeting that he might be saved. God answers prayer. Hallelujah.

It is not strange that with such a mother and such a father and with this early Christian training, coupled with the fact that even before his birth his mother had cried from the depths of her heart, "Oh, God, take this child and make him a worker for Thee," that Ray-

mond T. Richey should feel the call of God to active service in the days of his early manhood.

LEAVING THE FARM

At the age of three years Raymond had a very severe illness, his fever running so high that spasms resulted. Although so young he was unable to repeat the words of the old hymn, he lay in the cradle, humming in his delirium the air, "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms," and today the little sick baby, now grown to a man, is an evangelist and the sturdy little fellow of nine years who rocked the cradle and helped mother take care of little brother also a strong, well man, spiritually as well as physically, still helps "take care of brother," leads the vast audiences with his trombone or with his splendid baritone voice in the singing of that same dear, familiar "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms."

Raymond T. Richey the boy was, as Raymond T. Richey the man is, a bundle of nervous energy. From birth to manhood he was never strong, never very well, but always intensely busy at something. Passionately fond of engines, he was always manufacturing one from parts of plows, cultivators, stovepipe, etc. When nothing else was available, he would play the engine

himself, running and puffing all over the house and yard and out into the big pasture.

This big pasture with its beautiful green grass and mammoth shade trees was a favorite playground for the Richey boys and their cousins and it was here that much of their leisure time was spent. It was here that Raymond at the age of eight years was playing with one of his cousins when a stick thrown into the air came down striking him on the nose, one end of the stick striking one eye, the other end striking the other eye. His eyes, always weak, from this time grew rapidly worse.

When he was ten years old, the big farm was sold and the family moved near Chicago in order that the children might have better educational advantages. Raymond's eyes were so very bad, however, that he was able to attend school only a short while each semester and finally was unable to go at all.

His abundant energy, which on the farm had found outlet in engines, and other similar forms of amusement, was now transferred to another line and in the rear of the home a miniature store was opened. The young merchant was confident that his was a paying enterprise, in spite of the fact that when stock was

exhausted and must be replaced, money had to be borrowed from mother. He would argue that he must be making money, because all the candy, chewing-gum, soda-water, etc., was sold and sold for more than he paid for it; and since he could not attend school and must have something to occupy his time, his mother financed his business for him.

In this and similar ways his time was spent from the time he was ten years until he was fourteen or fifteen.

Then not only his eyes grew rapidly worse, but worry occasioned by this and general poor health brought on a complete nervous breakdown.

THE FIRST DIVINE HEALINGS IN THE RICHEY FAMILY

We will now drop back in our story several years and we find the Richey family, which at this time consisted of father, mother, Besse, Mary Jane, Roxana and Andrew J., living in Nebraska. The father was cashier of a bank, but at this time suffering from nervous prostration and general ill health, brought on possibly by close confinement to his work. The family for the sake of his health sold out and moved to Central Illinois,

but his health did not improve; rather, it grew much worse.

In addition to the nervous disorder, he now suffered terribly with rheumatism and a severe stomach trouble. Various physicians and specialists in near-by and far away cities were summoned and finally almost in despair he went to the Lakeside Hospital in Chicago. Here he was examined and treated for several weeks, but there came a day when the physicians, after a long and grave consultation, came into his room and with these words dispelled the little spark of hope he cherished: "Mr. Richey, your trouble has taken on cancerous form. We have done everything we possibly could for you. We have come to the end of our resources. There is nothing more to be done. We advise you to go home to your family; get your business in order and spend the time that remains to you, and it may be short, with them."

Back to the home on the farm he was taken and his was the hard task of telling the brave little wife and mother the verdict of the physicians. As he rested in a semi-reclining position in the big arm chair, he and his wife tried to talk, tried to think, tried to plan for the future when the husband and father should be gone

and the mother left alone with the four little ones. Can you, dear reader, picture that scene? Can you imagine the grief, the horror, the utter despair of that dear little woman, as for the husband's sake she tried to keep back the tears that she might comfort him, while her very heart broke not only for her own loss, but for the little ones playing about with no idea of this terrible thing that threatened the happy home?

It was natural, was it not, that in this hour the hearts of these two who loved the Lord and tried to serve Him should turn to Him for help and comfort? They remembered that they had read in the dear old Bible, that Book above all books, that which is "a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." "If there be any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the Church and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the Name of the Lord and the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up."

They called in one of the elders of the Church and told him just what the doctors had said, repeated the promise of God and asked him to anoint father for healing. The dear brother replied, "I know it is in the Bible, brother, and I believe the Bible, but I have no faith to pray for your healing." He went away and

it seemed that the hope that had flickered for that short time in their hearts was utterly cast down.

But God does not thus deal with His children. He had a work for these two to do for Him and so when father was again alone, he was praying and weeping bitterly and again God spoke to him from His own word and brought to his remembrance Hezekiah's healing. You will remember that Hezekiah was sick, nigh unto death, and he had been told he should die and not live, but he turned his face to the wall and wept bitterly and cried unto the Lord and God saw his tears and heard his cry and "added unto his days fifteen years."

Again a glad hope sprang up, this time born of real living faith, and father called mother into the room and told her of this message God had given and together these two cried unto God and He heard and answered. He answered as he answered Elijah—by fire—and the mighty fire of the Holy Spirit ran like lightning through that diseased body and father was instantly and perfectly healed. This was thirty-five years ago and as I write this, I'm thinking of how God uses father today in spreading the glad tidings of the coming of our blessed Christ and how with a strong, well body and

a splendid speaking voice that is the envy of men a score of years younger than himself, he can be heard by the thousands that throng to the meetings.

The next healing, and one scarcely less miraculous, is that of Leonard F., the youngest boy, nine years later. There are now three more children in the family, Earl A., Raymond T., and Leonard, the baby of a year and a half. For days he had been ill and the physician had been coming to see him; this medicine and that and the other had been tried, but to no avail; a consultation was held and the physicians agreed that the disease was that dreaded, wherever its name is heard, "spinal meningitis." They told the father and mother that medical skill had exhausted itself—nothing could be done, and it was only a matter of hours until the little life must end. Again man's extremity proves God's opportunity. The other children were all called into the room when the physicians were gone and told what they had said. All the medicine was thrown away and father, mother and children kneeled by the little bed and ask God to spare the little one. "Whatsoever ye ask in my name believing" is the promise, and as they asked they believed, and as they believed, God answered and touched the child and the very next morn-

ing when the family gathered around the breakfast table, Leonard, in his mother's arms, was there, too. God answers prayer!

The dear, faithful wife and mother was the next to be smitten with an incurable disease; the terrible "white plague" fastened itself on her. A change of climate was advised. Different climates were tried—from Illinois to San Antonio, Texas—then to old Mexico—wherever they were told to go, in vain search of health—again God's face was sought for healing—again He answered and healed, and today, the mother of eight grown children, her lungs are strong and well; although the healing came twenty years ago. God answers prayer!

Do you wonder that in the Richey Evangelistic and Gospel of Healing Campaigns these two banners are always to be seen: "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases," Psalm 103:3, and ". . . . Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." Matthew 8:17?

YOUNG MANHOOD— THE LURE OF THE CITY

The small town where the Richey family moved when leaving the farm offered little in the way of amuse-

ment to tempt the restless, nervous, excitement-craving nature of Raymond T. Richey, but, fortunately (?), Chicago, with its gaiety, its frivolity, its fun, both innocent and otherwise, was only a short distance away and easily accessible by rail.

It was in Chicago that Raymond forgot father's teaching and mother's prayers and with a determination and an energy worthy of a better cause he sought for all the pleasure available. He enjoyed (?) the gay companionship of other youths as reckless and as careless as himself. He drank, he smoked, he gambled and he drifted farther and farther away from God.

All this while his eyes were in a terrible condition and his naturally frail body was suffering the effects of his dissipation. Night after night after being out with the boys until long after the midnight hour he would wake in the early morning hours with a cry, frantic with the pain in his eyes and his head, and the dear, faithful mother would come, and with hot milk and her love, tenderness and prayers try to soothe her boy.

In spite of the fight he was putting up God was dealing with him and there were times he would come in after a night of so-called pleasure and fling himself

across the bed, disgusted with himself, disgusted with his boy companions, and, most of all, disgusted with the worse than useless life they were living. Mother kept praying and God kept striving with that heart.

Occasionally he would attend a Church service somewhere. A few times he raised his hand for prayer. Once or twice he even shook hands with the evangelist and promised to live a better life. But there was no change in the heart and, as he says, "when you turn over a new leaf, unless the precious blood of the Son of God has washed the old leaf clean, it has an unpleasant habit of being blown back over by the first little wind of discouragement or temptation that comes along," and so it was that his good resolutions, his handshaking, etc., profited him nothing.

As the months passed, his eyes had become so very bad that he was not able to do any work of any kind and there is no saying truer than "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and the nights sped by with Raymond T. Richey finding plenty of amusements in Satan's workshop.

Surely these must have been discouraging days for the mother and for those of the family who really knew God and who feared that not only Raymond's eyes

would fail completely, but that he would suffer an attack of nervous prostration. This fear was not lessened by the fact that many times he would awaken to find himself sitting up on the side of the bed with the covers clutched tightly in his hands staring into space. Truly these were days of trial and discouragement, but still mother prayed and still she believed.

For years all his glasses had to be ordered especially for him from abroad. At that time, there were no lenses obtainable in America that would help his sight; but there finally came a time when even these thick, strong glasses no longer were of any help to his eyes and he was forced to wear dark glasses, not that he might see any better, but that his eyes might be protected from the light.

Specialist after specialist was consulted until eventually there came a day when the last hope was tried and in one of the big office buildings on State Street in Chicago a famous specialist was consulted, who, after examining his eyes, asked him to leave the room while he talked with Andrew.

Raymond says he has always had more than his share of curiosity, so while he obeyed the specialist and went out into the reception room, he remained near enough

the door of the private office to hear what he was going to say about his eyes and this is what he heard: "Mr. Richey, your brother's eyes are as bad as they can be. There is nothing more to be done. The case is absolutely hopeless. He may be able to see a little for, perhaps, another two months, but at the end of that time, will come total and permanent blindness."

(Note: Neither in this instance, nor in any other throughout this little volume, where physicians, surgeons, or specialists are mentioned is there intended any hint of criticism. There are many splendid Christian men in these professions and surely if there is anything the world needs it is Christian physicians. There is nothing more necessary to civilization than physicians. The world is full of people who do not know Christ as the great Healer and where would these dear people be without the doctors and surgeons. We thank God that we number some splendid ones among our own personal friends.)

“DESPAIR—THE TRIP TO CANYON CITY
AND ITS RESULTS”

Dear Reader, those of you who have good, strong eyes and strong, healthy bodies, you cannot imagine the terrible, numbing shock that went through Raymond T. Richey's being as he heard his doom pronounced by that eye specialist. It seemed to him that all the sunshine was gone from the earth. The whole earth was a thing of darkness, of gloom and despair. The songs of the birds were no longer sweet in his ears and the perfume of the flowers no longer appealed to him.

Bad news, as well as good, travels fast, and ere long, among his associates the news had flown that “Raymond T. Richey will soon be blind—he will never be able to see again,” and one evening a crowd of the young people gathered in to spend the time with him. Some one of them brought a wonderful bouquet of roses, but they brought no joy to the heart of the poor boy, because as he looked at them, he thought, “Soon I'll be able to smell the fragrance of the roses, but I'll not be able to see them.” “Soon I can hear the voices of my friends, but I cannot see their faces,” and again that terrible feeling of despair pierced his heart.

He brooded over this approaching misfortune, until his nerves, never strong, gave 'way completely, and it was decided that he had better be sent away. Perhaps among other surroundings, away from home, away from the old friends, he would have an opportunity to face things with better courage.

At this time his father was in the colonization business; every two weeks running a special train from Chicago down into New Mexico. He had a branch office in Canyon City, Colorado, and the man in charge of this office was a personal friend and it was decided that Raymond should go to Canyon City for a rest and a change.

On a cold morning in December he started, and after kissing mother good-bye, as he walked carefully down the icy steps into the yard, he turned for another look at that dear face and he thought, "Yes, soon I'll be coming back home and I can kiss dear mother, but I'll never, never be able to see those dear features again," and the third time, that terrible thrill of despair shot like a dagger through his heart.

It was a long, dreary, tiresome trip to Canyon City, and as he lay awake in the berth through the long hours of the night there was much time to think of the years

that had passed and of the dear ones at home and of the future, once so bright with promise, but now only a dreary, gray, level of despair stretching wearily ahead.

When he reached his destination, father's friend met him and everything possible was done to make the time pass pleasantly, but what can make the day seem pleasant, dear friend, when you realize that with the setting of each sun you have one less of a definite number of days left to see the mountains, the canyons and the many wonderful things of interest that are being shown you in an effort to make you forget?

Finally, New Year's eve came, with its hilarity and its fun. Why is it that the more joyous things and people are about us, the greater seems the ache and the blacker seems the darkness in our own hearts?

Trying to get away from it all, Raymond had early gone to his room and gone to bed. He lay there, tossing from side to side, until finally the bells were ringing, the horns were blowing, the whistles shrieking and the New Year was dawning and then Raymond T. Richey did something he had not done since he was a little boy. He rolled out of that bed and down on his knees by the side of that bed he knelt.

He remembered that Mother had put a Bible in his

suitcase when he left home and so he went and got this Bible ; although he could not read a word of it. He held that Bible in his hand and with tears streaming down his cheeks he looked up towards Heaven and cried : "Oh, God, my mother's God and the God of this Bible ; if You will take me down to Forth Worth, Texas, where my sister is in that revival meeting she has been writing us so much about and save my soul and heal my eyes, You can have this life of mine, if it can be of any service to you." Then strangely comforted and quieted, he went back to bed and to sleep.

Dear friend, for the encouragement of those of you who are praying for the salvation of loved ones, I want to say just here : that just one hour before this, as the New Year dawned in Illinois (one hour before, account the difference in Central and Mountain time) Raymond's oldest brother, Andrew, on his knees in a watch-night prayer service, had solemnly pledged himself to God and to his own heart that he would pray daily for Raymond until he should know that he was saved. "While they are yet speaking, I will hear," God has promised.

Father Richey, in the hurry and bustle of his larger and yet larger business interests, had drifted away from

God and at the time of which we write he was not serving the Lord as he once had done, but God heard that unsaved boy's prayer in that room in Canyon City and spoke to the heart of his unsaved father, who was hundreds of miles away, and told him to send the money to his son to go to Texas, and in less than three days there came a letter with money and the letter said: "Son, I think you had better go down to Fort Worth and stay with sister a while." God answers prayer.

That same day the letter came, he was on the train speeding toward Texas and the revival meeting.

TEXAS

As the train sped along Raymond's mind was busy with thoughts of the astonishment and delight of his sister and her husband when he should arrive, for he had not advised them of his coming. He was also thinking of the vow he had made to God.

Finally, the train pulled into the station at Fort Worth, Texas, and Raymond T. Richey was for the first time in his life in the South, where, in later years, God was going to bless his efforts in the salvation of thousands of souls and the healing of thousands of bodies, but certainly no thought of all that the future

held in store for him came to his mind now, as he walked out of the station and inquired of the nearest policeman what car he should take to reach the address where his sister lived.

The nearer he came to her home, the fainter grew the determination of giving himself to Christ, which had been so strong when he left Canyon City. When he reached there at last and was given a joyous welcome, he found they were just ready to sit down to the evening meal, and when this meal was finished they told him they were going to Church or, rather, to the revival meeting which was being conducted in a tabernacle, and asked him to accompany them; their invitation was declined with the excuse of fatigue, but to his astonishment they announced that they were singing in the choir and would have to go anyway and to just make himself at home until they returned. They did not urge him to go; so he decided he "might as well go," and putting on his hat, he went with them.

It was an "old time revival" he found, when they reached the tabernacle. It was a few minutes before the hour announced for the beginning of the service and at the front, men and women, old and young, were kneeling quietly praying for the blessing of God to rest

on the service. This was something a little out of the ordinary and God spoke to his heart through those kneeling figures.

Soon the song service began and such singing; only people who really pray can really sing the "songs of Zion," and there was melody in the singing that night. Then came the sermon, delivered by that dear Saint of God, who has now gone to be with his Lord, dear, faithful Arch P. Collins, for more than forty years a Baptist minister. God spoke thru his lips that night, but Satan had the young man bound and when the altar call was given, he felt that he should go and keep the promise made so solemnly to the Lord less than a week before, but he could not. Others responded, the service was concluded, and Raymond T. Richey went home that night, more miserable than when he came.

All the way home and after reaching home, he hoped that his sister or his brother-in-law would speak to him about his soul, or say something about the service; he was anxious for an argument, but God gave them wisdom; they kept quiet and prayed. Friend, learn a lesson from this. Let us not "preach at" or "argue with," but let us "pray for" our unsaved loved ones

and God will bring them in. He has promised "If thou wilt believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, thou shalt be saved and *thy house*." This promise is as true today as when it was uttered and it is as much for us as for the Jailer in days of old.

The next time again he said he would not go; again there was no argument and again he found himself on the way to the meeting. But, oh, tonight, when the song service was going on how the Spirit of God was striving with that proud, wayward heart. The sister and the brother-in-law, led of God, did not go to the choir, but stood one on each side of him quietly praying and pleading for this soul, hanging in the balance. Suddenly, while they were yet singing, without one word from the preacher, the bands of Satan were loosed, and with a cry in his heart to the Lord for help, he left his seat and fairly ran to the front and knelt at the altar crying aloud for God to save his soul.

Before preacher or congregation could realize what was happening, men and women, old and young, were coming from every corner of the tabernacle, kneeling at the altar and finding peace and pardon only to be found through the "Blood that makes whiter than snow."

At the close of the altar service, the preacher announced there was no necessity for a sermon and that the service would be dismissed. After the service had been dismissed, Raymond remembered the other request he had made of God and he asked Brother Collins if he would pray and ask God to heal his eyes and this dear servant of the Lord, who dared to believe that God was able and willing to keep His Word and that "Who forgiveth all our iniquities, Who healeth all our diseases," "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses" and "Jesus Christ the same yesterday and today and forever," meant just exactly what they meant when God inspired the men of old to write them, anointed that boy in the name of the Lord and prayed the prayer of faith for those eyes. (James 5:14-16.)

Raymond went home with his sister, unable to tell any difference at all in his eyes, but believing that it was done, because God had promised it. The next morning when he waked, he found he could open his eyes without difficulty. For many, many months, he had been forced to apply hot water compresses to his eyes for several minutes each morning before he could open them. Not only could he open them, but that terrible, milky veil that had been between his eyes

and everything he tried to look at was gone. His glad shout summoned his sister from the rear of the house and they had a happy time shouting and praising God for what He had done.

However, the devil does not let go so easily as all that. Raymond was not to escape without the testing that comes to every child of God and after the time of rejoicing and prayer was over, he decided he would go down to the city for a while.

Here the testing began. The devil whispered to him, "Yes, God has healed your eyes; there is no doubt of that, but the sun is very bright today and the wind is blowing hard and it would certainly be extremely foolish for you to think of going out without your glasses; if you don't want to wear them, you had better get them and put them in your pocket, so if you should need them, you will have them." As the young Christian listened to the whisperings of the enemy, of course not recognizing it was the enemy, he decided it was just "common sense" to do this, turned, walked back in the house, picked up the glasses, stuck them in his pocket and walked back out on the porch, but the devil had not yet accomplished that which he had set out to accomplish. The glasses were not yet on the eyes.

Dear reader, be warned as you read this; the danger lies in the first yielding to the tempter, small though the occasion may seem; every victory you win over him makes you the stronger and every time you yield to him you are the weaker and your Christian life is dwarfed and hindered just that much. Do you remember the line from that old hymn, "Each victory will help you some other to win"?

As he walked out on the porch the enemy again whispered, "It would be well for you to take great care of your eyes now that God has healed them; so you had better put your glasses on and protect your eyes from the glare and from the wind and the dust; again the boy yielded and the glasses were put on, but not an object could he see thru them. The sun was dimmed and that awful veil was over everything.

Then, and not until then, did he realize that he had been temporizing with Satan, and in his desperation he raised his face toward Heaven and cried, "Lord, help me—I know you did heal my eyes last night and now, Lord, if I haven't sense enough to leave these glasses off You help me." In his own words, "Quick as a flash, a puff of wind blew those glasses from my eyes and onto the concrete sidewalk and they were broken

into a thousand pieces. I picked the nose piece up from the ground and put it in my pocket and I have it now for a souvenir, but from that day until this, and that was almost fourteen years ago, I have never had glasses on my eyes."

Before he had left the house for town, he had tried to have a little argument with his sister by saying, "Now, Mollie, I did give my heart to the Lord last night; I really know this morning that I am a Christian, but I don't see any harm in a little game of pool; nor in the theatre and such harmless amusements as that and I may go into some of these places before I come home." The sister was too wise to be drawn into an argument and she said: "Why, of course, Raymond, that is all right. You just feel free to do anything you like and go anywhere you like, so long as you can take Jesus with you."

Nothing more was said along this line and he went on to town. When he came to the door of the pool room and would have walked in the thought came to him, why I can't take Jesus in here with me and I wouldn't go in for the world without Him. So it was with the drink habit and with the tobacco habit, to which he had been a slave for years, especially ciga-

rettes. Again quoting his own words: "I gave myself wholly to God and those things just left me; they vanished and I didn't know where they had gone. For years, I fought giving myself to Christ, because this preacher and that and the other one would tell me what I had to give up and I knew I couldn't do it. Dear young people, don't let the devil deceive you. You don't have to give up these habits. You come to the Lord Jesus and surrender your heart and your life fully to Him and He will take care of everything that troubles you now. The things that seem so hard to give up; the pleasure of the world and the things that are unlike Christ will go and in their place will come His love and joy; His peace that passeth all understanding and a joy that the world knows not of."

It was in the year 1911 that Raymond Richey surrendered his heart to Christ and times were very hard in Fort Worth at that time and employment very hard to secure. However, he was determined he would not go home, he would not write his father for money, and he would not be dependent on his brother-in-law. He had never worked very much on account of his eyes and his general health, but God had healed him now. His eyes were as good as anyone's and his health was

greatly improved and he determined to find something to do and he certainly found some peculiar "positions."

The first thing he was able to secure was a place in a wholesale grocery and one of the first tasks they put him at was washing prunes that had been returned. These prunes had been returned because they had worms in them and it was his job to wash the worms out and re-box the prunes. Another equally pleasant

(?) occupation was taking a brush and brushing the worms from codfish. Another, and the sweetest (?) of them all, was when a carload of molasses which had been shipped was in a wreck and many of the cans were burst open. Those that were whole had to be washed and new labels put on. A sticky task.

Do these things sound rather unpleasant? They were, but, oh, the boy that was doing them had a rest of mind and of heart and a sweet companionship with Christ that outweighed everything else and he would rather have been just where he was and doing just what he was doing than to have been back with the "old gang" enjoying the hilarity of other days.

Some months later Raymond decided he would go to work for the colonization firm of which his father was a member and he went to New Mexico and joined the surveying gang.

For eight months he worked with these men. The only Christian among them. They drank, they used tobacco, and he was tempted and jeered at and sneered at and termed a "molly-coddle" because he could not, or, rather, would not join them in their "pleasures" (?). But he stood true to Christ, and these same men who jeered at his religion when he was present honored and respected him for his firm stand and spoke with admiration of his courage and faithfulness to Christ when he was absent. During this eight months he attended only one religious service and that was one he conducted himself in a little country school house on the plains of New Mexico.

Can a person be true to Christ and not attend Church? Most assuredly. If there is no Church to attend you can be true to Christ without; but where it is possible to attend, remember God's word says, "Neglect not the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is."

After eight months in New Mexico, back to home and friends went the new convert. Not without "fear and trembling" you may be sure, for Satan had been busy again and had been telling him that his friends would all think he was crazy and would not have any-

thing to do with him, etc. But, oh, what a different story when they really began to find that Raymond T. Richey had returned. Not the totally blind, sick, weak, nervous wreck all of them had been expecting, but a young man with clear, strong eyes; one who had really been doing hard work with a "surveying gang" on the plains of New Mexico. When they met him on the street, in the stores, anywhere they happened to run across him, how eager they were to hear him tell what Christ had done for him. Much of it seemed almost unbelievable, but the evidence was there, before their own eyes, and they could not doubt that which they could see. Today many of those young men and young women have surrendered their hearts to the Master and some of them are in active service for Christ, because one young boy, only seventeen years of age, dared to believe God, dared to put Him to the test, dared to surrender his life into His keeping.

"CALLED TO SERVICE—THE CALL REJECTED—THE CALL ACCEPTED"

Upon his return to Chicago he remembered that he had pledged the Lord not only to surrender his heart

to Him and become a Christian himself, but that he had promised if God would heal his eyes, then he would give his whole life's service to the cause of Christ to lead others to Him. Immediately he began to consult ministers, friends and older Christian workers and what was his surprise and almost his dismay to find that almost without exception they discouraged him; some on one ground and some on another.

One would tell him, "Brother Richey, God has saved you and done wonderful things for you and, of course, He wants you to work for Him, but the way for you to work for the Lord is to just go quietly about your everyday work and speak a word for the Lord as you have opportunity. Just give your testimony whenever and wherever you have opportunity; that is all God wants you to do." Another would say, "Brother Richey, you have no education and no training and it would be folly for you to try to preach. You work and give of your means to send some one else." And so on and so on.

Instead of listening to the voice of God and holding fast to the pledge he had made to the Lord, he listened to the advice of man and went back to work again. First back in the clothing store, where he had a jewelry

counter of his own before he left home. Again God spoke and he gave this up and started out in the missions of Chicago, giving his testimony to those who would listen; working with the drunk and the down and out, leading them to the Christ who had done so much for him; then, discouraged, back to work he went; this time traveling for a wholesale candy firm; again he quit work and again he started out for the Lord; again, discouraged, he went back to work; this time going into a mail order business on a small scale and saying he would never try to work for the Lord again; he could do nothing anyway and he would just quit and follow the advice of older and wiser people.

This is a good thing to do sometimes, but, dear friend, there are times when the "wisdom of man is foolishness with God" and when God calls you into His service and you are sure the voice of God has spoken to your heart and you have answered yes, then you had better be very careful how you listen to the voice of man and refuse the call of God. God does call many brilliant, well-educated men and women of charming personality, forceful, eloquent speakers, but He calls others with none of these natural advantages to show what God the Lord can do with a yielded vessel and that

was what He wanted when He called Raymond T. Richey ; He did not want someone who could do something ; rather, He wanted someone who would let God do and that has been and is the cry of his heart, "Oh, God, keep me behind the Cross ; don't let me be or do or say, but Thou, oh Christ, be all and do all, that souls might be saved through this life of mine." To the honor and glory of God, we say in all humility God has answered that prayer and the multiplied thousands are finding Christ in the meetings that are being conducted all over the United States.

As Raymond entered one line of occupation after the other, it seemed that the devil helped him to prosper and, speaking from a financial viewpoint, every venture was successful. It was an easy thing for him to make money and the devil used this very thing to keep him out of the Vineyard by saying, "You can't do, but you can give that others may do for the Lord."

Needless to say, this did not satisfy the longing of his heart. His work became a burden to him. He was thoroughly miserable ; he could not sleep and he could not eat. Hour after hour was spent wrestling with God in prayer, but he would argue with the Lord and say, "Oh, God, I can't go, I can't go, I can't go. There

is nothing I can do. Men so much better equipped than I am have gone out and failed. I don't dare go."

God did not argue back, but ever came that still, small voice: "Son, you promised." "But, Lord, I'll give everything I have." "Son, you promised your life to me." "God, you know I can't preach. Why, Lord, there isn't anything at all that I can do." "Son, you made a contract with me, I've kept my part and you've broken yours." This lasted until one day in desperation he threw himself on his knees and, after hours of alternate pleading and excuses, he cried, "Oh, God, I'm going, and I'll trust You to carry me through."

It was about this time that he visited his brother's home one day and found his sister-in-law and her mother talking with a friend who for years had been stiffened by rheumatism until it was impossible for her to use her arms. Her daughters had to dress her hair for her. She had heard of how God had healed Raymond's eyes and she asked that he would pray for her. They knelt in the living room and asked God to heal the suffering and loosen the stiffened arm and instantly it was done. Why not? Does He not say, "I am the Lord that healeth thee"? She sprang to her feet and ran through the house and through the yard

shouting and praising God for His goodness, while Raymond slipped upstairs and down on his face wept and prayed God to keep him. He had seen so many others wonderfully used of God in praying for the sick and afflicted, who later got their eyes on themselves and off of God and went down. This was one of the very first healings in answer to Raymond's prayers, but many other like incidents followed. Sometimes in the night hours he would be called out to pray for someone who was very ill. He would pray and God would heal; then back home and down by the bedside, praying God to keep him humble and keep his eyes on Christ.

There came the financial tests, too. Many of his own dear ones did not see just as he did and did not think it necessary that he should give up everything and go out for God and so, of course, he did not let them know of the tests. One of the first really severe tests came right in the city of Chicago; where within a radius of fifty miles were all his family, except the one sister in Texas, and practically all his friends. For two days and nights he lived in this very city, with only one sack of salted peanuts to eat. He was in the city attending a Convention of Christian Workers

and although it was only a few miles to family, he did not have the necessary carfare to make the trip back and forth and he did not dare tell them of his need, because he had told them he was trusting God to supply.

At the end of the two days, when the testing time was over, how sweetly God met his need, and how beautifully He worked things out for him. As he walked along Madison street, waiting for the next session of the convention, a voice seemed to tell him he should go to the Northwestern Station. At first he hesitated; it was quite a long way over there and he had no business there, but again the voice told him to go and he went. As he was standing there in the station, wondering why he was there, one of his old friends walked up to him with "Hello, Richey, what are you doing here?" He was wondering himself what he was doing there and "Why, er-er-" was about as far as he could get with an answer, but the friend seemed to have something else on his mind and did not notice the confusion, but said, "I'm very glad to see you. Come on and go out home with me." He replied, "Why, I guess I can't." But the friend was persistent and said, "Oh, yes, you can. I have a ticket right here in my pocket and it is just time for the train," and

catching his arm, they ran thru the gate and the next thing were comfortably seated in the car, speeding toward the home of his friend. When they reached the station, about forty miles from Chicago, the friend's wife met them in a nice car, loaded them in and took them home for supper, and surely never a meal tasted as good as that. Did you ever fast two days? Then you know about it.

After supper the friend said, "We are having special service for the young people tonight in our Church, come on over with me." They went to the service and after a few minutes of preliminaries the whole audience went to prayer and began to pray that God would give a mighty revival and that He would send Brother Richey there to conduct the revival for them. Nobody seemed at all surprised at this turn of events, except Brother Richey himself.

Again he attempted to argue with the Lord, but God spoke to him and said, "You have been praying for an opportunity to work. Here is the opportunity." So the revival was launched and God blessed in a great way. In the very first service he gave an altar call and twenty-two young people responded and many of them were the friends of his boyhood days.



A snap of the Raymond T. Richey Evangelistic
Party. The Evangelist is shown second from
the front of the line

Time went on and God opened doors here and there and as the doors were opened, Raymond entered them and God saved souls and healed bodies in answer to the prayer of faith. In the meantime, his father, who had drifted away from the Lord, had reconsecrated himself to God and was now again active in Christian work; this time, not as a Sunday School worker, but as a preacher. God had called him to preach when he was a boy, but not until he lost everything he had (financially) two or three times and had gone to the very entrance of the valley of death twice, did he say an eternal "Yes" to the Lord and go out in the fields that are "white unto the harvest."

"BACK TO TEXAS"

God was calling to Texas. Not Raymond T. Richey alone this time, but the whole family. The Gospel Tabernacle in Houston, Texas, was without a pastor and for a long while a few faithful ones had been holding on to God that He would send His own man to fill the vacancy. A man filled with the Holy Ghost, one with a passion for souls—one who would to dare to preach, believe and practice the Full Gospel. One of their number in his travels through Illinois had heard

of E. N. Richey and he spoke to the people about him. God seemed to witness to them that this was of Him and when a little while later, during one of the all day prayer services, an evangelist they knew and loved dropped in for a little while, he spoke to them, knowing their need of a shepherd, of this same E. N. Richey. This confirmed them in their belief that God was leading and they immediately got in communication with "Father Richey."

The result was that after a short correspondence Father, Mother, and the children who were still at home, Roxana, Raymond, Leonard and the baby, Ziona, were on a train speeding toward Texas and a future of which they knew nothing, except that God had called and they were following His call.

Surely had they not been confident of this, they would soon have been discouraged in the new place. Father had only recently given up his business and a splendid salary, and this was a venture on bare faith. Their friends and some of the children had been left in the north and when they arrived things looked rather dark. It was in the month of February, and February in South Texas is one of our rainiest months. The flock, as is ever the case without a shepherd, was scattered, until only a few faithful ones remained.

A house had been provided, but the rooms were small, very inconveniently arranged, and the furnishings were only the most necessary. The people to whom they were to minister were poor indeed in this world's goods, but some of them were rich in faith towards God and God honored that faith.

With a prayer and a praise to God because they knew He was faithful and that the sun was shining behind the cloud they started in. Father as pastor and Raymond as assistant. There were not more than a half dozen who could really be counted on as members of the Church and perhaps an average attendance of fifty to seventy-five. But Mother, Father and children prayed and worked and prayed. God blessed and saved souls and healed bodies and the attendance increased, at first slowly, and then more rapidly.

At the end of the first year, Andrew and his wife came in answer to the cry of "Come over into Macedonia and help." They needed a pianist and a chorus leader; so Andrew gave up his position and his dear wife, leaving her own mother and loved ones, came to Houston to work for Jesus. Andrew leading the singing for both Sunday School and Church services, while Anna played the piano for him. They both took classes

44 WHAT GOD HATH WROUGHT

in the Sunday School. A Young People's Society was organized and the four young people worked and prayed and prayed and worked. Roxana, Raymond, Andrew and Anna. They had social gatherings for the young people to get them interested, and one of their happiest times was at a birthday party one evening, when several young people were saved.

Time sped quickly by until soon the big, barn-like tabernacle, with its sawdust floor, was felt to be no longer a suitable place for the people to worship, and one New Year's eve, at the watch night service, after hours spent in prayer, pledges were taken for money to begin the new building.

All glory to God who answers prayer and overrules every difficulty when we put our trust in Him. The congregation of perhaps fifty or sixty has increased in these eight years to a congregation of from twelve to fourteen hundred and the old, barn-like structure was replaced five years ago with a splendid, substantial frame Church, splendidly equipped with baptistry, rest rooms, young people's room, etc. Since this building was erected, it has been twice enlarged and now it is again too small and God is opening the way for a bigger, better work in the very heart of Houston, where soon

the Houston Evangelistic Temple will be erected that all who will may come and hear of Jesus Who "shall save His people from their sins." "By whose stripes ye were healed." Who "Baptizes with the Holy Ghost and fire," and Who "shall come again in like manner as ye have seen Him go." Hallelujah, and still God leads and still the fight is on and still "this is the victory that overcometh world, even our faith."

WAR—INCREASED SERVICE— TUBERCULOSIS

During these busy days Raymond's heart was constantly crying out to God for a wider field of usefulness and a greater ingathering of souls, and it was about this time that the terrible War came. He tried to enlist, but, to borrow his own expression: "I was too short, too light, couldn't pass the physical examination, didn't amount to enough and they wouldn't have me." He was not to be daunted, however, because he knew God had something in store for him to enable him to reach the dear soldier boys with the message of God's wondrous love and grace.

He held on to God and as he prayed, he worked. He established the United Prayer and Workers' League

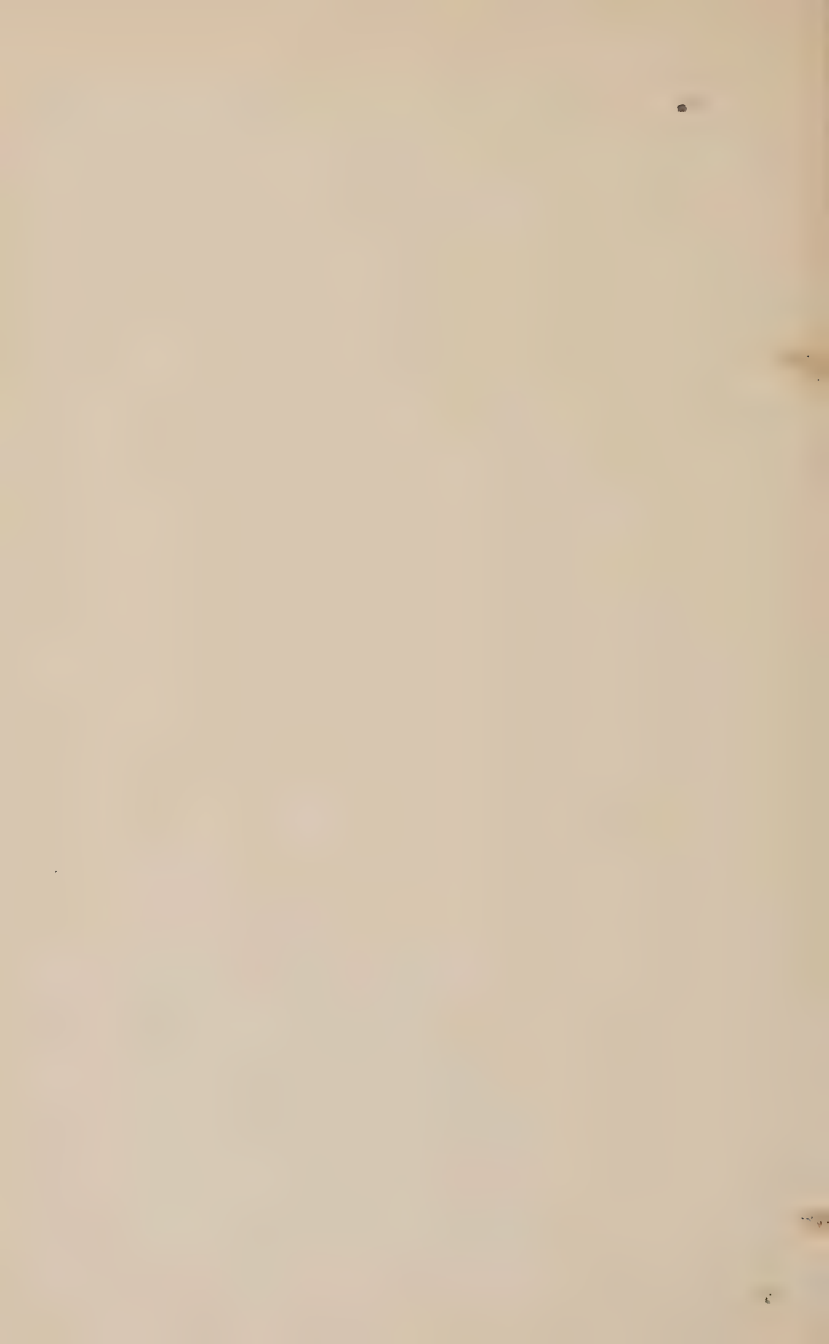
and through this medium, hundreds of thousands of pieces of literature were printed and distributed, including "America's Letter from Home to Her Soldier and Sailor Boys," and "Christ in the Trenches." Letters were sent out and bulletins to churches and Christian Workers all over America asking that each noonday prayer be offered for the salvation of the soldiers and sailors and for the cessation of the war.

Trips were made to army camps and to naval training stations from north to south and from east to west. Boys were spoken to privately, in groups of three and four and in mass meetings of hundreds. Gospel services were held wherever the opportunity was given. He worked at Camp Pastor, with the Salvation Army, with the Y. M. C. A., and at times with other organizations. His uniform and his Bible were a ready passport and as God opened doors and blessed his efforts he pushed on and on.

Camp Logan was established in Houston, Texas, and God put a mighty burden on his heart for the 33,000 men stationed there. The majority of these men were from his own state of Illinois and he cried day and night before the Lord that the way might be opened to reach them in greater numbers than they



Raymond T. Richey, as he appeared in his camp
pastor uniform during the World War



could be reached by having services in the "Y" huts in the camp. God put it on his heart to erect a great tabernacle on Washington Avenue, between the city and the camp, where the boys must see it every time they went to the city, and where the civilians must see it every time they drove out to the camp. His heart answered "yes" to this, but a tabernacle would cost money and if it be kept going for months and months it would take money to finance the meetings and evangelists and workers must be secured. He could not run the meetings himself very long, because he was sure God wanted him going to other camps and giving other boys the wondrous message of salvation through the precious blood of the Lamb of God. He spoke to other Christian workers of the thing God had spoken to him about, but they did not seem to have the vision. They thought it would be a good thing, but they could not see where the money, nor the workers were to come from.

Almost discouraged, heartsick and weary, one day he slipped over to the Church and there on his knees alone with God, he cried out for God to show him what to do. He pled with God for the souls of those dear men in that camp right at the very door of the Church ;

he begged for a small place to hold a meeting for them, and God directed him to pick up His Bible which lay before him. He picked up the Bible and it opened to Jeremiah 33:3, "Call unto Me, and I will answer thee and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." With a glad praise to the Lord on his lips and a sweet victory in his heart, he answered, "Yes, Lord, I'm going to call not for the scores, as I've been calling, but for the hundreds and for the thousands. I'm going to ask not for a small building, but for a great tabernacle, and I believe Thou art going to answer and shew me even greater and mightier things than I am calling for."

He met God's challenge and God met his faith. He arose from his knees and went out of that Church with the knowledge in his own heart that from somewhere the money was coming in to built that tabernacle, and it came. Praise God. In small amounts and in large amounts the money came, much of it from people he did not know at all. The old tabernacle was built and how God came down in mighty power and filled it with His presence.

The soldiers came and God saved them; first, in small groups, then in larger, but still Raymond's heart

was not satisfied. They were not coming in the great numbers he wanted to see them come. Again he took the matter to God and again God answered. The commanding officer at Camp Logan wanted the men to hear lectures on personal hygiene and see motion pictures of this subject and there was no building in the Camp large enough for the big groups he wanted to attend. The tabernacle was offered and accepted and when this was over, a few minutes were allowed for a short Gospel message and invitation to come to the evening services and the men were told to accept a tract on salvation that was given them. In this way, every man in Camp Logan was reached with an invitation to come to the revival and every man had a Gospel tract given him.

Then they came and hundreds and hundreds of those dear men were saved. At times more than two hundred kneeling in the sawdust with tears streaming down their cheeks and their hands uplifted, singing "Oh, how I love Jesus."

After some of these dear boys reached France letters came back to the office saying, "Brother Richey, I'm so glad I gave my heart to Jesus in the tabernacle. I'm going on with Him." Today some of those boys

are back in America, still going on with Christ, and some of them have gone to be with Him, because somebody dared to believe God and ask for "great and mighty things."

Not only were there thousands of soldiers saved in this tabernacle, but civilians, as well, found Christ there. Among them, myself. I had been in Houston only two or three weeks when one evening a young lady in an adjoining apartment asked me if I would not go to Church with her. She said there was a revival going on in a big tabernacle out on the other side of town and God was saving people by the hundreds. I was not at all interested in religious services of any kind. In fact, very much the opposite; but I was a stranger in the city and an evening spent in a revival couldn't be much worse than an evening spent alone, wishing I were back home and had never heard of Houston, I reasoned; so after a little hesitation I agreed to go. I went, and to my surprise, I really enjoyed the service. It was at this service I first met members of the Richey family. First, Andrew and his wife, Anna; then Roxana, one of the sisters. A few nights later the same young lady asked me again to go to Church; this time I immediately said yes, I would be glad to go. This

time an aunt of mine went with us, and when the Evangelist, Rev. Wm. Matthew Holderby, came back at the close of the service and spoke to her about her soul, she yielded her heart to Christ, but I would not. The next evening I had an engagement for a dancing lesson, but arranged with the instructor to give me the lesson an hour earlier that I might be enabled to go to the revival service.

The Bosworth Brothers had charge of the music in this revival and on this evening B. B. Bosworth sang as a solo "Drifting Down." God got hold of my heart and those words sunk in "From a father's loving care to the darkness of despair, etc. Drifting, slowly drifting—drifting down." I knew this was true of my own life. I had gone through some experiences a few years previous that had embittered me, until I had reached the place where I felt I cared for nothing and for nobody, but thru that song God reached my heart. When the altar call was given I could not go forward, but at the close of the service, Mr. Bosworth came back and spoke to me and said, "You do not look very happy." It angered me and I replied, "I'm not." "Then suppose we talk to Jesus about it," was his answer. I dropped to my knees there by the bench and he called

some of the workers and with tears flowing I prayed the age-old prayer, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." God, for Christ's sake, heard that prayer and washed away my sin and gave me the peace and joy that only comes from knowing Him. Hallelujah!

It was in this meeting, in the building that had gone up in answer to the prayers of Raymond T. Richey, where God had honored his faith and the faith of others, where meetings were being held for the salvation of the soldiers, that I found Christ. It was in this same meeting that I met him, whose life I try to write.

As we have said before, not all of his time could be spent in the tabernacle at Houston. Too many needy places were calling and from east to west and from north to south he was going constantly. From New York to San Francisco, and from Great Lakes back to Texas. Preaching to the living, comforting the sick, and smoothing the pillow of the dying.

During the terrible epidemic of "flu" he was always going—never a moment's rest during the day and very, very little at night. Coming into his tent, perhaps, after midnight and throwing himself across the cot, only to be called with the message that another boy was dying and unprepared for eternity. Hundreds of boys went

out into eternity with their hands clasped in the hands of Raymond T. Richey and with his prayers ringing in their ears; some of them whispering, "Thank God, somebody prayed for me that I might give my heart to Christ. I never heard a prayer in my own home. I never heard the Bible read there." Fathers, mothers, this happened in Christian America. From the Great Lakes Naval Training Station alone, whole train loads of baggage cars went out bearing caskets of the dear boys who died with the flu.

It was in Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, Texas, wading the mud and the slush and ministering to the sick and the dying that after months of going beyond his strength; days at a time not even taking time to eat, except to grab a glass of milk or a sandwich or a piece of pie from a canteen, that Raymond finally went down completely. The best army specialists were consulted and they said to him, "Richey, you have tuberculosis. There is only one hope for you and that, at best, is a slim one. Go to California for a year and take the rest cure. Do absolutely nothing for a year except to lie on your back. Relax completely. Do not read anything at all. Not even the Bible. This may help you. We cannot be sure. It may help. Certain it is that you will live only a very short time if you do not do this."

HEALED OF TUBERCULOSIS

Following their advice, he went to Southern California to friends. One of the best tubercular specialists in Los Angeles was summoned and he confirmed the verdict of the army physicians with the addition of putting him on a strict diet.

For several weeks, he lay there. Then one Sunday morning in his own words he was "in a growling mood." He lay on the bed thinking of his condition, thoroughly discouraged, and saying, "Lord, I've done the very best for You I could. I've worked myself completely down and here I am, no good to You, no good to myself and no good to the world. The doctors say there isn't any hope for me anyway, so just let me die." Lying there and while still in this humor he picked up his Bible laying near and opened to the 22nd Psalm and read just the first verse and no further, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me? why art Thou so far from helping me?" Just that far he read; then throwing the Bible to one side he continued grumbling: "Yes, Lord, You have just utterly forsaken me. There is no help for me at all and I had rather just die." Then the sweet, still, small voice of the Saviour spoke to him. "Don't you remember mother wrote that this

morning at the service in the Church they would all be praying for you and that they were going to believe God to heal your lungs and make you strong and well for service again? Don't you remember God healed your father when the physicians said he was dying? Your mother, when she was dying with this very same disease that has fastened on your body, tuberculosis? Your brother of spinal meningitis, and your own eyes when you were almost totally blind?"

By the time the Lord stopped talking Raymond's heart was repentant and broken and he whispered back, "Dear Lord, forgive, I do remember and I do believe." Reaching for his Bible again, it opened this time to the 103rd Psalm and he read the third verse: "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, Who healeth all thy diseases." Pushing back the covers he raised up in the bed and, slowly creeping from the bed, he stood erect. The devil trying all the while to discourage him, but God had spoken and he was now believing for victory in his body. Staggering back and forth across the room, with the dear old Bible raised above his head, he whispered in his weak voice, "I praise You, Lord, I praise You, Lord, I praise You, Lord. I know You are healing me." With each praise his voice got louder until

he was shouting. His strength came rapidly and he realized he was healed. Opening the door, he ran down the steps and into the dining room, where the friends with whom he was staying were having the noon meal. He frightened them terribly, they thought surely he had lost his mind, as he shouted over and over again, "The Lord has healed me. The Lord has healed me. The Lord has healed me." They tried to quiet him, but he could not be quieted. In a little while he ran back up the steps again and as he did so, again the devil whispered, "Your lungs may be healed, but don't forget that your heart is in very bad condition and you have been warned that any sudden excitement or over exertion is liable to prove fatal." The reply to this was, "God has healed my heart as well as my lungs," and back down the steps he ran and up again and, to quote him, he has been "running ever since." This was in September, 1919, and since that time he has been in meetings almost continually; sometimes as many as seven meetings daily, and God has wonderfully blessed and supplied the necessary strength. His lungs are strong and sound and he can make himself heard in any of the large buildings where the meetings have been held.

FIRST GOSPEL OF HEALING MEETING

For years God had been speaking to Raymond T. Richey about this wonderful message of Christ, the Healer, but more than ever in the fourteen or fifteen months since He had healed him of tuberculosis, but ever there were excuses and procrastination. Once or twice he had assisted in other meetings, but this did not satisfy his heart, because this was not what God wanted with him.

In the summer of 1920 he was assisting Brother Warren Collins, of Fort Worth, Texas, in a meeting in the Central Baptist Church of Memphis, Tennessee, and God was striving with him during all this meeting that he should step out and do the thing God had called him to do.

Sometimes, God leads us by a circuitous route, if we will not go by a straight path, and so it had to be in this case.

Brother Warren Collins was to begin a meeting in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, in October, and Raymond had promised to assist him. He was to go a week or so early and make the necessary arrangements and advertise the meeting.

He went at the appointed time. The building was

secured, the hotel reservation made ; the advertising put out for Warren Collins to begin on a certain day, when there came a telegram from Brother Collins saying it was absolutely impossible for him to come, circumstances had arisen over which he had no control and it was out of the question for him to come.

Can you visualize the condition? There was Raymond T. Richey in a strange place, among strange people, making arrangements for another evangelist to come and conduct a meeting ; building secured, advertising bills to be paid and hotel bills to be paid and not only no money to pay bills with, but a wire from the evangelist himself, saying he would not be there.

He was certainly at the end of his own resources. God spoke to him and told him that he should go ahead and conduct the meeting himself, but he would not listen to the voice of the Lord. The committee who had secured the other evangelist advised him to go home, offering to help him secure the money to pay the bills, but he could not get the consent of his own heart to do this.

Finally, he locked himself in his hotel room and for three days and three nights he fasted and prayed that God should make His will so plain to him that there

could be no doubt and no hesitation in his own heart as to just what God would have him do.

At the end of those three days, with no money at all and with no co-operation, not even from the committee that had invited the other evangelist, he left his room, went to the newspaper office, placed ads that on the following Thursday he would begin an "Old Time Revival and Gospel of Healing Meeting" in the Red Circle Auditorium (the same building secured for Warren Collins) and on Thursday evening the meeting began.

There were about fourteen or fifteen people there, and they came with an air of "Well, what do you expect?" But he refused to be discouraged. A short talk on the need of a revival and what would be required to bring one; a good prayer service and the meeting was dismissed.

The next evening it rained and there were about thirty or forty present. Another message on prayer, a short talk to sinners, an altar call, two or three souls saved, and announcement made that the next evening there would be a healing service.

Perhaps a hundred or two present the next evening, and at the close of the service, after several souls had surrendered to Christ, the sick were prayed for. The

first person prayed for, was a young lady with a crooked arm. The doctors had done everything possible, even trying to straighten it with some kind of a mechanical device. She was prayed for and instantly that arm straightened. The next day this was written up in the newspaper and the next evening the building was filled.

The evangelist was busy enough, you may be sure. He had no song leader, no pianist, no secretary, no help of any kind, but God had told him to hold this meeting and the pastor of one of the churches came and volunteered to lead the singing.

In a night or two Miss Mary Williams was wonderfully healed of an awful stomach trouble she had suffered with for years. For weeks she had been on a very strict diet; allowed nothing but liquids. God healed her instantly and she volunteered her services in looking after others who were coming for healing. He now had a song leader and some one to take care of the sick, but no pianist.

A young lady on the way from New York to San Antonio, Texas, stopped in Hattiesburg for a day or two, heard about the meetings, came out and God healed her of a chronic trouble she had had for years; she was a splendid pianist, and learning of the need of some one



Part of the crowd in Red Circle Auditorium, Hattiesburg, Miss., where God gave Raymond T. Richey his first great "Gospel of Healing," Revival

to play the piano, she volunteered her services and stayed there and played for him until the meeting closed.

In three weeks of meeting God saved hundreds of souls and hundreds were prayed for for healing. It was my great privilege to be there a few weeks after this meeting closed and again several months later, and with shining faces and ringing voices people witnessed to being healed of deafness, rheumatism, and all manner of sickness. Praise the Lord. He is "the same yesterday and today and forever."

This was the beginning of the third phase of Raymond T. Richey's work for the Lord. This was in September and October of 1920. Just four years and three months before this book is written and great and marvelous are the things that God has wrought in these years.

On November 18th, 1920, two years and nine months after I had first met Raymond T. Richey, we were married by the Rev. Arch P. Collins, of Fort Worth, Texas.

It was dear "Brother" Collins who conducted the revival meeting in which Raymond gave his heart and his life to Christ. It was he who prayed for the healing of Raymond's eyes and later when Raymond had consecrated his life to the service of the Master it was

“Brother” Collins who was the greatest inspiration to his life that he had ever known. For some time he was very closely associated with him in the ministry and it was Brother Collins who taught him the great secret of waiting on God. Not an occasional hour did he pray, but for many consecutive hours, and should you be fortunate enough to occupy a room adjoining him and awaken during the night, it was the rule rather than the exception to hear the low murmur of his voice as he communed with the Lord.

Dear, faithful Brother Collins. He has gone to be with his Lord, but his life and his ministry are still an inspiration not only to Raymond and to me, but to the hundreds with whom he came in contact during the long years of his work for the Master.

Because of the years they had known and loved each other and because of the love he bore his Lord and the souls He had died to save, Brother Collins, at the conclusion of the ceremony, and when friends and loved ones had congratulated us and then bidden us good-bye, asked that he might see us alone for a few minutes before we went away.

When we had gone into another room he talked with us for a few minutes of the great harvest fields and

the scarcity of laborers and then we knelt in prayer and, oh, how he prayed that the blessing of God might rest upon us and in a very special manner upon Raymond for the work God had called him to do. Surely God is answering that prayer. Hallelujah!

This was on Thursday evening at eight o'clock. At nine forty we took the train for Meridian, Mississippi, where on the following Sunday evening at eight o'clock the first meeting was launched. How we prayed and how God blessed! Only there for one short week and yet in that week God gave about sixty souls and marvelously healed the sick in answer to prayer. A prominent worker in one of the Baptist churches of the city, a lady who had lived there practically all of her life, was healed of a deaf ear; another woman healed of a cancer on the side of her face; still another healed of a terrible internal cancer.

From Meridian the evangelist felt that God was leading back to Hattiesburg where his first "Gospel of Healing Meeting" had been conducted several weeks previously, and so to Hattiesburg we went for three days. Here it was my pleasure to hear the testimonies of scores who had been saved and healed in the previous meeting and how my heart rejoiced. It was all

PROPERTY OF
MARGARET BARNETT WILLIAMS

so new and so wonderful to me. Until I was converted, not quite three years previous to this time, I had never heard that God was healing in this day in answer to prayer, and since my conversion, while I had been healed of minor ailments and seen the sick anointed and prayed with each Sunday morning in the Gospel Tabernacle in Houston, yet I had never seen nor heard of the many, many marvels of healing that were being witnessed to right in this service I was now in. One of the first healings in this meeting had been a young lady who had had a stiff arm for years. The doctors had done everything they could. Even a brace contrivance of some kind had been fastened to the arm and they had tried to straighten it in that way, but when this was done, she screamed until she could be heard for blocks. She came to the service and was prayed for and God instantly healed her. This was but one of the many, many remarkable things I heard.

Leaving Hattiesburg, we went to Pritchard, near Mobile, Alabama, for three days, and in the very first service God saved the young son of our host. On Sunday evening, the third and last evening of the series of services, twenty-six young people came and gave themselves to Christ.

Back to Houston for a few days, then to Dallas to visit for a day or two with my own loved ones; then to California.

Here in Pasadena, California, a meeting was opened and God saved and healed scores.

During the meetings referred to above, the evangelist had no one to direct the music and no one to play the piano and he was continually praying that God would send some one to travel with him, as it was very hard to secure some one in each city who was capable and who would put their whole heart into the service of our Lord.

Meantime God had been talking to Raymond's own brother, Andrew, and his wife, Anna. For many years they had been active Christian workers. He leading the music, she playing the piano, both of them teaching Sunday school classes and he acting as Sunday school superintendent, but as Mrs. Richey herself says, "We were serving the Lord with our hearts, but not our whole hearts; we were giving our time to Him, but not our whole time, and God was talking to us. He wanted all; our very best for Himself, and so He permitted the terrible illness to come. I know God does not send sickness upon His children, but He does sometimes

permit it to come, and then when we are submissive and have learned the lesson He wants us to learn, He heals us, if we believe Him for healing and the prayer of faith is prayed."

There came a telegram and another and another, telling of the awful illness of Raymond's brother's wife, and our hearts ached and we prayed and prayed. I had not learned the secret of praising the Lord, and so all I could do was to beg that her life might be spared and that she might be healed. To comfort me and because he really believed it in his own heart, my husband would whisper to me, "Praise the Lord, dear. God is going to heal Anna. She and Andrew will be out with us holding meetings soon," and I tried to believe and tried to praise; but still the discouraging telegrams would come.

I give below Anna's testimony in her own words, as she gives it in every city where the Richey Revival and Gospel of Healing Meetings are conducted: "If it had not been for the great love and goodness of God I would not be here to tell you of the mighty power of God to heal the body. In January of 1921 I suddenly took ill with what at first was thought to be influenza, later developing into what was thought to be typhoid mala-

ria, running very high temperature from the very beginning of my illness, at times as high as 107 and 108.

"My mother had taught me when only a child to trust God for the healing of my body, and all my married life both my husband and myself had trusted the Lord as our physician; but to please friends and neighbors when I got so very low, a physician was called in.

"He looked at me and then at my husband and at my father-in-law, and taking them in the other room, he told them: 'This is not typhoid malaria, but it is the very worst form of "quick consumption."' There was no cough and although the lungs were affected there was no hemorrhage from the mouth, but sometimes as many as seven and eight severe hemorrhages in one day from the bowels.

"The fever had been so terribly high that the lining of my throat had burned and parts of the lining of the stomach had passed off with these hemorrhages. For weeks I was unconscious most of the time. I had become perfectly helpless; was unable to turn myself in the bed at all; in fact, could not raise hand nor foot. The physician told them there was absolutely no hope at all for me; to just make me as comfortable as they could; but I could live at most only a few days. Finally

there came a day when I could no longer speak above a whisper ; a whisper so low that with his ear touching my lips my husband could barely distinguish what I was trying to say ; I could no longer control my eyes ; they had rolled back in my head and it seemed that I must die, and quickly. But my husband, my mother and my husband's mother and father and all the dear ones of the family and of the church in Houston, as well as many others, including Brother Raymond, to whom telegrams had been sent, were praying and believing God to perform a miracle even yet, and raise me up as a witness for Him.

“One lady who attended my father-in-law's church had been fasting for three days for my recovery, and on this Thursday morning, the third of March, she with other ladies of the church had met to pray for my recovery. As they prayed, this lady, Mrs. Dial, stood to her feet and said, ‘God has answered. I feel the victory is won. Let us not pray any longer. Let us praise the Lord for answerinig prayer. As you stay here and praise the Lord, I'm going over to the house.’ She came immediately, just across the street. My husband said as soon as he saw her face he knew something had happened, for it was all aglow with the light of Heaven.

"She asked permission to come into the room and came in and whispered, 'Sister Anna, I believe God has deliverance for you today.' I replied as best I could, 'Pray that He will give me more faith.' They prayed for this and then asked that God would give me a voice to praise Him with. God answered this prayer and before they prayed for God to heal me I lay there in my weakness and praised the Lord for His love and for His goodness to me.

"As we praised the Lord for this He began to give me strength, and soon she whispered to me again, 'Sister Anna, God wants to heal you today.' Then my husband lifted me to the side of the bed, placed my feet on the floor and, he walking on one side of me and this sister on the other, I walked the length of two rooms and back and sat down in a rocking chair and sat there for more than half an hour, praising the Lord. The neighbors were constantly expecting my death, and when they heard the shouts and the praises and the weeping, they supposed, of course, that I was dead, and one of them 'phoned to my father-in-law to come quickly, that I had died. He came running, to find, not death, but resurrection life. My strength did not come all in a day, but it came and a few weeks later

I went with my husband to Dallas, Texas, where he directed the music for a great revival meeting. God keeps me in health and strength, and just a little more than four months from the day God so wonderfully raised me from what everybody thought was my death-bed, my husband and myself left our home and our all on the altar for God and went out with Brother Raymond in the work of the Lord. That has been almost four years ago and during these four years what blessed times God has given us! I have played the piano twice daily, sometimes three times daily and for as long as seven weeks at a time; have helped with the altar work and have helped pray for the sick. God has kept me and the honor and the glory all belong to Him."

So it was that God healed her and so it was that God answered prayer, and as in years gone by He heard Andrew's prayer for the salvation of Raymond's soul, so now He heard Raymond's prayer and gave him not only his brother but his brother's wife for the Master's work.

"AND I—IF I BE LIFTED UP FROM THE
EARTH"

Early in his ministry, Raymond T. Richey was made to realize in a very special way the truth of the verse of

scripture, a portion of which is given above. I, who am his wife, and who have worked side by side with him in his meetings for more than four years, can say with all sincerity that never have I known anyone who in a deeper sense has made it the one great aim and ambition of his life to lift up Jesus that He might "draw all men" unto Himself.

He has said many times, with the Apostle Paul, "I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

In the meetings, brief reports of which are given in the following pages, it has ever been his desire to stress these four things and nothing else—Salvation through the shed blood of Christ, Healing through His striped back, the Baptism of the Holy Spirit to fit Christian people for service and the early return of the Lord Jesus Christ for His own.

The success that God has been pleased to bless his efforts with, we feel, has been due to his utter reliance on God.

He has prayed—urged others to pray, and then together with the people has praised God for the answer and God has never disappointed.

In these days of much controversy over different

truths of the Bible, it has ever been his custom to meet every question with a fearless "I believe every word of the Old Book from the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis through the twenty-first verse of the twenty-second chapter of the Revelation. To me the Bible is the Word of God."

It is because He had dared to believe God and honor His Word and exalt His Son that God has saved the multiplied thousands in the meetings that have been conducted from coast to coast. God ever desires His children to put Him to the test and He always does "exceeding abundant" things when we dare to do it.

In July of 1921 the four of us started out. We went first to Hattiesburg. This had been the scene of the first really great meeting (in numbers) God gave Raymond when he started out in obedience to the voice of the Lord to preach and practice the Gospel of Healing. Although this had been only eight months previous, yet the people were clamoring for his return and "so we went." How God blessed—what sweet times of prayer and of fellowship and yes, of testing, the four of us had. We were all young, not only in years, but in experience in this kind of work, yet so graciously God blessed our efforts and so tenderly He led us.

Scores were saved and healed in this meeting and God's seal of approval was placed in a very definite manner on our working together.

From Hattiesburg we went to Laurel, Mississippi, for a ten days' meeting. Here some of the real tests were met and by the grace of God conquered.

First came the financial tests. Although God had signally blessed in Hattiesburg, the crops had been poor and the people were in straightened circumstances, and we came away with very little money. However, God had said, "Go," and we went. The services in Laurel were held in the courthouse auditorium, and the first night there were very few present, but those few were really interested and began to pray. As always, when people begin to pray God begins to work. Souls were saved. A little boy was healed of a blind eye; a little girl's crooked foot was straightened and numerous other healings.

By this time our money was almost exhausted. We had rented rooms and since we could not afford to eat all of our meals in the restaurant, my sister-in-law and myself would go to the grocery store and with the aid of a "Sterno" burner, a small table, paper dishes, tin spoons, etc., we would manage a fairly satisfying meal,

whether it was very nutritious or very dainty and appetizing or not. We used the same basin to wash our faces and hands, our dishes and part of our clothing, but fortunately hot water and soap were plentiful. We were young, we loved God; He was saving souls and we were happy.

But the devil was not through with us. One night, when I came in from the meeting, one of my fingers was so stiff and so painful I could not move it without great suffering. We laughed and joked about a finger causing so much trouble, but the next morning my whole hand and arm was similarly affected; the pain was severe and soon it had spread to my whole body. For five days and nights I suffered intensely. If I slept as much as five or ten minutes I would awake screaming with pain; the only two joints in my body that I could move were my elbows. The hardest part of this was not the suffering on my part, nor the loss of sleep for the others, but it was the fact that we were in a small place and that people were missing me from the services and the members of the family, where we had rented rooms, were wondering why, if we believed in praying for the sick, I was not healed.

We do not know why this test came, but at the end

of the time above mentioned God instantly delivered me. I arose, dressed myself with the assistance of my sister-in-law, walked down the steps to the car and went to the service.

We were in Laurel for ten days and in every service there were souls saved and bodies healed.

One afternoon, as we were praying for the evening service, suddenly an awful burden for Houston, Texas (our home city), seized Raymond and then Anna. We prayed and wept before the Lord and He made it very clear that we were to go to Houston and launch a campaign; not just a revival meeting in "a church," but a great, city-wide, interdenominational campaign, where the thousands could be reached with the Gospel of Christ.

In vain we argued and wavered. We knew it was the voice of God and finally we agreed that we would go. When we reached home we talked with some of the loved ones about it, but they were a bit fearful for us. In the first place, a meeting such as we felt God wanted and had laid on our hearts meant the expenditure of thousands of dollars, and would require numbers of trained workers. We did not have the money and we did not know where to secure the workers.

There was perhaps \$100.00 left after the expenses of the two meetings in Mississippi had been paid and we reached home, but there were four of us to live on this until other meetings were launched.

However, so sure were Raymond T. and A. J. that it was the voice of God that they secured a large tent, seating about one thousand, rented a piano, built seats, arranged for lights and launched the campaign. In this connection, let me say, that the first money of any amount at all that came in for this meeting came in from a young man who came one day and said that God had told him to put \$50.00 in this campaign. He was a boy of very moderate circumstances; with nothing but a very ordinary salary to depend on, but God told him to give and he gave.

The meeting began on August 17th in this tent and the very first night a soldier boy was saved; a few nights later he was prayed for and healed and was soon discharged from the Army hospital and sent home. That was the beginning. The crowds began to come, first by the score, then by the hundreds and soon all the seats were filled and people were standing all around the tent, trying to see and hear.

One evening when there were literally hundreds of



City Auditorium, where first Houston Revival was held. Five thousand persons were converted in this Revival

people standing, Raymond announced to the audience that if money could be raised to pay the rent in the city auditorium, we would go down there. The response was almost instantaneous. In just a few minutes' time, money had been raised to pay the rent for one week at the rate of \$50.00 per day.

For forty days this revival continued and increased in attendance and in interest and in conversions and healings all the while. Night after night the City Auditorium seating approximately seven thousand people, was filled. At times even standing room was at a premium.

God gave us 5,000 conversions in this meeting and some of the most marvelous miracles of healing I have ever witnessed. Among the most striking of these healings was Mrs. F. L. Duren, who for nine years had been unable to stand on her feet, due to a spinal affliction; nine long, weary years spent in a wheel chair. She was prayed for and instantly healed, and when the next night opportunity was given for those healed to testify, she stood in the top of the second gallery, where she had walked unaided, and gave God the glory for healing her. Mrs. D. B. Taylor, paralyzed in one side of her body, also in wheel chair, was prayed for, gave a

shout, leaped from the chair and ran back and forth across the front of the building, shouting and praising the Lord.

There were many, many others whose names I cannot recall, healed of paralysis, rheumatism, neuritis, tuberculosis of lungs and of bone, deafness, blindness and "all manner of disease."

There were some evenings we could not secure the City Auditorium, owing to the fact that it had been rented before we asked for it. These nights services were held in Methodist and Baptist churches and in one instance on the grounds of the North Side Junior High School, where it was estimated 8,000 people sat and stood on the ground and listened to the old-time Gospel.

When that meeting closed at the end of forty days, God had saved more than five thousand souls, more than four thousand had been prayed with for healing; every expense, including rent on tent for two weeks, rent on City Auditorium for balance of time, advertising, etc., had been paid and there was enough left to launch a meeting in Galveston, Texas.

Not only this, but God sent in the workers that we so badly needed. Mr. Arnett, a lay worker in the Methodist church for years and one experienced in handling

personal workers, came in to the service one evening, expecting to be in the city only a day or so. God kept him in the city for the entire forty days and he organized and superintended the personal workers' class.

The Richey boys' own sister (Mrs. G. E. Franklin) took charge of the section reserved for those seeking healing and she gave them instruction and issued cards to them.

Different ministers, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Christian and Evangelical, came and helped in every way possible and the fears and doubts that assailed at the beginning vanished as the mist before the rising sun.

One morning, when it had been announced there would be a special service for those who had to be brought on cots or in wheel chairs, there were thirteen who had to be brought on stretchers in ambulances; this beside those who came in wheel chairs.

After the message and the great altar service, where hundreds found Christ in salvation, these thirteen were prayed for and twelve of them were healed and able to go home either on the street cars or in the automobiles of friends. Only one returned in an ambulance.

GALVESTON

From Houston we went to Galveston for ten days, securing the big City Auditorium there. In ten short days God saved nineteen hundred souls and performed miracles of healing, including Mr. Forsyth from Michigan, who for years had crawled on his hands and knees. Had been in hospitals and health resorts all over the country seeking help and had not found it.

Some one told him of the meeting. Told him God was healing the people down at the City Auditorium in answer to prayer, and he crawled down there one night to see for himself what was going on.

First of all and most important, God got hold of his heart, convicted him of sin and of his need of a Saviour. He surrendered to the Lord and when a few nights later he was prayed for God healed him.

His testimony and photograph were published in the Full Gospel Advocate and he attended meetings in Chicago and in Milwaukee and gave the testimony personally of what God had wrought in his life. His testimony is just one of many.

SAN ANTONIO

Beginning in San Antonio on November 13th in Beethoven Hall, the meeting continued in this building

for three weeks ; not without its discouragements. The newspapers would not write up the meetings and we had difficulty in persuading them to even accept advertising copy; but soon God began to work, and when God works and the fire burns, some way the people find it out and they will come.

On the first Sunday afternoon there were not more than twenty-five or thirty in the audience ; the evening crowd was larger (?), perhaps a hundred or maybe a hundred and fifty, but souls were saved in both services and the necessity of prayer was laid on the hearts of the Christian people.

The people prayed—God worked—sinners came—God saved them—the sick and afflicted came and God healed them. Hallelujah!

In the Houston meeting God had saved and healed L. C. DeWeese, whose testimony is given elsewhere in this volume, and he was now acting as Mr. Richey's secretary. God had also spoken to the heart of Earl Richey and he was now a member of the party, having charge of ushers and literature ; so that party at the time of the San Antonio meeting numbered six.

The attendance increased until Beethoven Hall was far too small, and since nothing larger could be secured,

we were forced to move further from the city and rent a warehouse and seat this. This was a great expense and it also meant additional advertising on account of the new location, but soon the people filled this large warehouse and service after service the altar was filled with hungry souls seeking Christ for salvation.

Scores of soldier boys from the camps near San Antonio were saved in this meeting and many of them, from the hospitals, were healed.

In one of the services a dear little girlie about fifteen years of age with a terrible curvature of the spine was prayed for and before the meeting closed, three weeks later, she testified that that spine had straightened three inches. How grateful she was to the Lord and how she loved to praise him.

A dear woman and her two beautiful young daughters came into the service one morning, the mother suffering terribly with varicose veins and rheumatism. For five years she had suffered until her knees were so stiffened that in this length of time she had been unable to kneel or to walk without crutches. A few days later she was prayed for and instantly healed. She attended every service after that until the meeting closed, and how her face shone and how she praised God!

On one Thursday morning it had been announced that there would be a special service for the Mexican people. Long before the hour announced the building was packed and they were crowded out on the sidewalk and into the street, until the cars were stopped and policemen were called. A short song service, led by a Mexican, a message through an interpreter, an altar call to which hundreds responded, and then the healing service was announced. As soon as this was done they rushed toward the front of the building in such a mass that ushers, workers and policemen were powerless. Mothers were forced to hold their babies high above their heads to prevent their being crushed. We saw that nothing could be done with them, and the evangelist slipped out the back door and began to pray for some of those outside. This, of course, attracted the attention of those inside and they came pouring out. As soon as the building was cleared, they were dismissed and told that a meeting would be held the following Thursday morning in San Pedro Park.

This open air meeting for the Mexicans in beautiful San Pedro Park in San Antonio was one of the most wonderful God has ever given us. There were two small buildings, or rather a band stand and an open air

dance pavilion in the park. Raymond took one and A. J. the other. Messages were given through interpreters and hundreds of the dear Mexicans knelt there on the ground around those buildings and sobbed out to the Lord their surrender to Him. At nine-thirty in the morning they began the service, and all day long they stayed there in the park praying with the sick, A. J., Raymond and other workers. There were six lines of them marching all the time. They did not stop for dinner, but one at a time slipped across the street for a sandwich and right back, and at four-thirty in the afternoon the last one was prayed for.

When they were ready to leave there were two big piles of crutches, canes, etc. Men and women had been brought there in what appeared to be a dying condition and after being prayed for, would sit up, then stand and then walk away with their hands high in the air, praising the Lord.

We can never forget San Antonio and the Mexican meeting.

FORT WORTH

On January 15th, 1922, we began meeting in the Chamber of Commerce Auditorium in Ft. Worth, Texas. Leonard F., the youngest brother, had now



Part of crowd of 10,000 Mexicans, San Pedro Park, San Antonio, at Richey Revival there
four years ago

joined the party. If we had been depending on men or if we had been looking to natural conditions and circumstances, I am sure we would have given up at the end of the first week and gone home in utter despair.

The first thing we had to face was not only lack of co-operation, but actual opposition on the part of the newspapers. They not only refused to give any publicity in their editorial pages, but would not accept our advertising, but God is still on the throne and He still answers prayer and makes a way where there is no way.

One of the papers accepted our advertising copy, took the check for it and then called us on the 'phone and told us they could not print it, because we were advertising that God would heal the sick and they made it a rule not to run anything of that character in their paper. When they 'phoned this, both Raymond T. and A. J. were out and Mrs. A. J. and myself were alone in the rooms. We received this message and fell on our knees and cried to God to open the way for us to get the news of the opening of the meeting before the people.

A little later when the men came in and we told them

of the message, A. J. called the paper and they told him the same thing. He went over to get the check and by the time he got there God had worked and the advertising manager had changed his mind and told A. J. they would run the copy given them. Praise the Lord. He answers prayer.

Just a day or two after the opening of the meeting there came an awful rain and sleet storm and for days the streets were covered with ice. Southern people will not get out in weather of that kind and at some of the services there would not be over twenty-five or thirty people in the big auditorium. This kept up for several days. The people did not come, but the rent for the building and the expense for advertising, hotel and so forth went on just the same until we found ourselves with unpaid bills amounting to over \$1,500, and nothing with which to pay. We cried mightily unto the Lord and He began to answer.

The weather cleared. The crowds increased, people were being saved in every service and then God began to heal the sick and afflicted. The newspapers that at first refused to carry paid advertising, now sent out reporters and carried the news of the meeting. One night seven deaf and dumb people were healed. Then

the "big break" came and the last two and a half weeks of that meeting the auditorium was crowded so early that at six-thirty and sometimes as early as six o'clock in the evening the police were forced to lock the doors and then men and boys would scale the building and sit in the second-story windows.

How our hearts were filled with praise and how we rejoiced as ministers and singers and workers from the different churches joined with us in "pulling in the nets" until more than five thousand had been saved and several thousand had been prayed for and God had touched and healed their bodies.

So insistent were the demands that we return the following Sunday for an afternoon service that we finally agreed and two very interesting incidents which occurred during this service made us to know that God had led in our giving assent. One of them the testimony of a Mexican girl, who had been converted in the first of the revival, and had then asked one of the workers what the black book was, which the evangelist had in his hand. When told that it was a Bible, the Word of God, and told about the Christ to whom she had just surrendered her life, she went out and purchased one for herself and had been reading it, and

she gave testimony on this afternoon of how God had blessed her and talked to her heart through His precious Word and she told of the determination there was in her own heart to go back to her own country and to her own people and tell them of this Christ of Calvary and of His power to save.

The other incident was that of a crippled girl, who lived some distance from Ft. Worth, but had been reading in the newspapers about the great revival that had been in progress there and how God was healing the people. She had been unable to come because she had no money, but when she read that there would be one more service on this Sunday afternoon and that the sick and afflicted would be prayed for, she determined to get to Ft. Worth some way. Without saying anything to anyone she went to the station and when the train for Ft. Worth arrived she, with the aid of her crutches, got on, walked into the coach and took a seat.

Soon the conductor came through, asking for tickets. When he reached her she told him she had no ticket, and no money to purchase one, but she was crippled and she was going to the big revival in Ft. Worth, Texas, to be prayed for, and she knew God would heal her if she could just get there. The conductor was rather



Parade of men and women healed in one of the great Raymond T. Richey Revivals held in his home city, Houston, Tex. This parade was thirteen blocks long

puzzled at first, but finally he went on and the girl stayed on the train and came to Ft. Worth, came to the Chamber of Commerce Auditorium, was prayed for and God healed her. Hallelujah—"According to thy faith."

THE SECOND HOUSTON REVIVAL

On March 19, 1922, we had announced that there would be a service of praise and testimony for those who had been healed in the great Revival held in Houston in the fall of 1921. For this afternoon service the City Auditorium, which had been used in the former meeting, was secured, and how the people crowded out to hear the ringing testimonials. Much of the time was used in this manner. Then just a short talk by the Evangelist, an altar call, and you would think that the Revival of eight months before had never closed, because from the main floor, from the boxes, from the balcony and from the gallery the people came in a steady stream to yield their hearts and lives to the Lord, until hundreds were kneeling.

At the close of the altar service one of the leading attorneys of the city came to the platform and, after making the announcement that he was speaking for the

business men of Houston, asked that the Richey Evangelistic Party hold another Revival in the city of Houston in a tabernacle which the business men of the city would erect. At the same time he asked that those in the audience in favor of this proposed meeting rise to their feet. The response was almost unanimous. Pledges for fifty and one hundred dollars and smaller amounts came rapidly.

It was in answer to this invitation that the second Houston Revival was launched in the big Tabernacle standing on the same spot that the tent stood in the previous autumn when the first meeting was held. This second Revival opened on Sunday afternoon, April 23, and continued for seven weeks, and thousands were saved and other thousands were prayed for for healing.

One of the most interesting features of this meeting, to those who had been rather curious as to whether "these healings really last or not," was the hundreds of testimonials of those who had been healed in the first Houston Revival, and one of the happiest features of the meeting to the members of the party was the testimonies of the hundreds who had been healed of that most terrible of all ills—sin. How their happy faces shone as they testified to the mighty power of Christ to

save and keep, and how their testimonies encouraged others to seek and to serve Him, who is NOT "a far-off God on a golden throne, but a loving Father who cares for His own."

WICHITA FALLS

During the Houston campaigns one of the most ardent supporters in prayer, in presence and in speaking was the Rev. Bunse, pastor of the First Evangelical Church, and another was the Rev. L. Newman, presiding elder of the Texas district of this same church. Then in San Antonio no two ministers co-operated more faithfully than the Rev. Erne and the Rev. Brundage of the Evangelical churches. The Rev. L. Newman was also in some of the San Antonio meetings, and it was at his earnest request that we promised to go to Wichita Falls for one week at the close of the Houston Revival.

One of the theatres was secured for the meeting and two services daily were announced. The people flocked in from the city, from the country and from near-by towns. After the first two days three services daily were held, and on the last Sunday four services were held, morning, afternoon and evening, and then an overflow meeting in the other theatre.

It was during this Wichita Falls Revival that we met

the Rev. Albert Lane, pastor of the First Evangelical Church. Some months before his voice had given way and specialists had told him that nothing could be done; his only hope lay in a complete rest, and that he must give up his church and not use his voice.

He was anointed and prayed for; claimed healing in the name of Jesus, and the following morning gave testimony in a clear, ringing voice that could be heard in every corner of the theatre.

Since that time he has been constantly busy for the Lord, much of the time in Evangelistic work, and is at the time this is written pastor of the First Evangelical Church in Temple, Texas.

His voice is strong and clear and can easily be heard in the big Tabernacle when he visits the Richey Revivals and speaks to the people, which he frequently does.

The Rev. Mr. Lane's testimony is but one of the many from this short meeting. Hundreds were prayed for and there were miracles of healing and, best of all, the altar was filled in every service with hungry men and women seeking salvation through the precious blood of the Lamb of God.

The crowds and the results seemed at the time and still seem a marvel to us, because the temperature hov-

ered around 105 to 107, and the heat was so very intense that much of the time the thought of food was repulsive and the only thing that tempted was iced lemonade or orangeade. In spite of this the people came, and even the afternoon meetings were well attended.

CHICAGO

From Wichita Falls we went to Chicago, where the Carmen's Hall, with a seating capacity of four thousand, had been secured for the meeting. Prayer meetings were held, advertising placed and the meeting begun. Interest was increasing and the crowds were beginning to come, when a street car strike was declared, and for a whole week not a car ran in the city of Chicago.

Of course this hindered terribly, as by the time the cars were running again, in the hurry and bustle of metropolitan life, the advertising had been forgotten.

However, God was working and people were coming, some in automobiles and many of them walking miles.

Notwithstanding the obstacles, hundreds were saved and healed. Two Jews, one a young man who had been in every big city from San Francisco to New York in search of aid for a terrible kidney and blood trouble,

the other a woman, who had been an actress, had fallen and injured her limb and for years had been on crutches. Her foot and limb were terribly sore and swollen, but after prayer she walked two miles to her home and the next day walked back to the meeting.

One of the things that we praise the dear Lord most for was that in this meeting so many pledged themselves to go out in active service for Christ—thirty-five in one afternoon.

Among this number were Evangelist Werkhauser and his daughters. One of the daughters is now in training at Nyack for foreign service, and the other two are assisting their father in his revivals.

Mr. Werkhauser was healed of deafness in his right ear. He had been unable to hear with this ear for more than forty years. God healed him, and he promised the Lord that he would go out for Him. For years he had felt that God was calling, but he could not seem to surrender. In the less than three years that he has been out, God has marvelously used him and his daughters in the salvation of the lost and in praying for the sick and afflicted. "Jesus Christ the same yesterday and today and forever."



Part of the crowd in attend the services of the Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Revival

MILWAUKEE

During the Chicago Revival ministers and Christian workers from Milwaukee came, urging that we come to Milwaukee at the close of the Chicago campaign, and although we had arranged to go to Pittsburgh, we got in touch with the committee there and postponed that meeting and went to Milwaukee.

Surely God was leading in this, for from the very beginning of this meeting the power and presence of the Lord was very real. Twenty-five hundred souls came to Christ, and sixteen hundred were prayed with for healing. Blind eyes were opened, deaf ears unstopped, paralytics were healed, and one night, when opportunity was given for testimonials, eight persons stood and testified that they had been healed of goitre.

PITTSBURGH

We had expected to go directly to Pittsburgh from Chicago, but God sent us to Milwaukee instead, and so it was that at the close of the Milwaukee meeting we went to the Carnegie Hall (North Side), Pittsburgh, for a two weeks' campaign. This was during the month of October and the weather was very disagreeable, cold and rainy, but despite this God sent out people who were

hungry for Christ and who needed healing for the body. Two little Jewish boys (twins) were wonderfully saved and one of them healed after walking on crutches for many, many years. How our hearts rejoiced to hear him stand and tell how Jesus had healed him, and then he would add that he was going to be a preacher when he became a man. He was twelve or thirteen years old at the time he was healed.

A dear brother, who had terrible varicose veins in one of his legs for twenty-six years, one leg being so bad that if he walked as much as a half mile the blood and pus would ooze through the eyes of his shoes, was healed, and people would laugh and weep all over the audience when he would stand and give his testimony, always ending with these words: "It's almost too good to be true." But, dear friend, these things are too good not to be true. They are according to the Word of the Mighty God and are the fulfilment of His promise.

After two weeks in Carnegie Hall we went to Sheraden for two weeks in the Gospel Tabernacle, and how the dear people there prayed and interceded, and how God answered and saved souls and healed bodies and blessed believers!

SECOND FT. WORTH REVIVAL

At the close of the Revival in Ft. Worth, in response to the very urgent pleas of ministers and laymen, we had promised, God willing, to return in May, but God had led differently. In May we were in a campaign in Houston, in June in Wichita Falls, part of July and part of August in Chicago, September in Milwaukee, and October in Pittsburgh, so that it was November before we were able to get to Ft. Worth again.

This time the Colosseum had been secured ; seats had been built for the ground floor, and from the very first service interest was manifest. Men and women, boys and girls came from every part of the city and from nearby towns and from far away places, and God saved the lost and healed the sick and afflicted and filled believers with the Holy Spirit.

One of the interesting features of this Revival, as it always is in every return Revival, was the testimonies of those saved and healed in the first meeting. So many we remembered, many we had forgotten, and some we had never even heard about. There was the young man, twenty-one years old, who had been deaf and dumb, was healed in the first Revival and had been taught to speak by his mother, and had read from the

First Reader on the platform in the City Auditorium. The happy mother stood in this second Revival and told how he had built a radio set and could now hear so well that he, a few nights previous, had stepped out into another room and heard perfectly the program as it came in. There were those who testified to being healed of tuberculosis, paralysis in one or both arms or one or both legs, some healed of deafness, some whose eyes were healed.

But God worked in the second Revival as He did in the first one. People were brought in on stretchers in ambulances; God healed them, and they went home in the automobiles of friends or in some cases on street cars. A young woman who had been blind for twenty-one years in the right eye was instantly healed. A man who had been blind for many years was prayed for, and a few days later could see to distinguish colors. Numbers of deaf and dumb were healed. Special services were held for the deaf and dumb, with a missionary to the deaf and dumb interpreting for them.

The meeting continued for five weeks and thousands were saved and healed. Praise the Lord! He has said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

OKLAHOMA CITY RIVIVAL

January 7, 1923, the Oklahoma City Revival began in the Merrie Garden Auditorium. Numbers of ministers of various denominations co-operated very splendidly in this meeting, some of them bringing numbers of their choir, band, personal workers, ushers, etc.

This was the first Revival we held in the State of Oklahoma, and God blessed in a wonderful way. From the first the altar was filled in almost every service with hungry men and women crying to God for salvation, and miracles of healing were wrought in the name of and through the power of our mighty Christ.

A woman totally blind for six years was instantly healed, and her testimony published on the front page of the newspaper. This brought out multitudes, and others were as wonderfully healed of crippled limbs. Canes, crutches, braces, glasses were discarded, and people went out with a new song of praise on their lips and in their hearts.

Ministers who had not before realized that Christ wants to heal the sick today as when He walked the shores of Galilee, began to preach the "Gospel of Healing" in their churches; evangelists went out from the meeting with a greater vision of what God can and will do for those who believe Him.

100 WHAT GOD HATH WROUGHT

The crowds were so great and came so early that men and women who were employed during the day were unable to get in the building. By the time they could get there the seats were all taken and many times there was not even standing room.

Because of this condition it was decided that one Sunday afternoon instead of the regular service we should have two services, one for men and one for women.

At 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon four thousand men crowded into that auditorium and sang the sweet gospel songs and listened to the "old, old story" of His matchless love and grace. Never was there such singing as when every man of them joined in singing, "There Is Power in the Blood." When the altar call was given more than two hundred men came forward and, kneeling, pledged themselves to Jesus.

The women's meeting later was almost a replica.

This meeting continued for five weeks, and thousands of men and women found Christ. The entire city was stirred. Revivals started in many of the churches.

Special services were conducted for gypsies and for Indians, and the Indians were so interested that they sent a committee to Oklahoma City, asking that we



Special meeting for men only, Oklahoma City, Okla.

give them a few days' services in Anadarko and in Hobart.

ANADARKO

While in the Oklahoma City meeting we had agreed to hold two days of services in Anadarko for the Indians. Arrangements had all been made and services were held the first morning in the Methodist Church. The crowd was so large and the interest so great that a service was announced for afternoon also. Again the building was filled and the altar crowded with men and women seeking Christ for salvation. This was true of all six of the services held in this Methodist Church in the two days we were in Anadarko. Not only so, but a special meeting for children, conducted by A. J. and Rev. Houghton, was attended by hundreds.

At one of the afternoon services for the Indians there were five different tribes represented, and consequently five different interpreters were required. Numbers from each tribe came forward when the altar call was given, expressing a desire to take the "Jesus Road."

After yielding their hearts to the Lord, their faith for healing was beautiful. Especially do I remember a dear old Indian who had broken his leg and was walking on crutches. His son, a college graduate, had been con-

verted in the meetings, and he brought his father. The father was saved and then came forward for healing. He was anointed and prayed for. Instantly he threw his crutches down and walked away. The crutches were picked up and handed to him, but he threw them to the floor of the church and walked away, praising the Lord.

These were busy days, but happy days as well. From early morning until late at night we were in the services, but how great was the reward—the altars filled with sinners, the platform crowded with those seeking healing at His tender Hand “by whose stripes we are healed.”

HOBART

Leaving Anadarko in the morning, we arrived in Hobart just in time for a bite of lunch and to hurry to the auditorium, where the Presbyterian pastor who had attended the Oklahoma City meeting had made arrangements for the services to be held. Here, as in Anadarko, we found an eager, hungry crowd, both of Indians and white people, just waiting for an opportunity to say “Yes” to Jesus.

For three days we were in Hobart, and in these three days fifteen services were held—seven in one day. The auditorium, the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian



Raymond T. Richey dining with Indian Chiefs at Hobart, Okla., where the Evangelist held a meeting for the Indians

churches were all used, and four services were going on at the same time. A. J. would have a song service, pray, then the Evangelist or Brother Houghton or some of the ministers would give a message, while A. J. went to one of the other places and held the song services; the altar call would be given and someone put in charge of the altar service, then the Evangelist would go to one of the other places to pray with the sick. This was done until seven services were held, A. J. conducting the music and assisting in the healing service, and the Evangelist giving the altar call and praying with the sick in each of them. The first service began about 9 o'clock in the morning and the last one closed about midnight, stopping just long enough to eat and then right back.

In these five days spent in Anadarko and Hobart, God saved fourteen hundred souls, and scores of the Indians were miraculously healed. Paralyzed arms, paralyzed legs, stiff limbs, deaf ears, blind eyes, rheumatism and so forth were instantly healed by the Great Physician.

The morning we left the pastors of the different churches, scores of their people and numbers of Indians were at the station begging that we would return and give them a much longer time.

TULSA

While in Oklahoma City several people living in Tulsa had attended the meetings and had urged that we come to Tulsa for a Revival. After praying over this, God led us to go, and on April 22 the Revival began in the mammoth Tabernacle, with its estimated seating capacity of seven thousand people. This Tulsa campaign was signally blessed of God from the very beginning, and on the fourth night the building was filled.

How the people prayed ; how they sang, and how they praised the Lord, and how the dear Lord honored their prayer and their praise until in that seven weeks of meeting more than 11,000 souls found Christ and thousands were prayed for, for healing, many miracles of healing being performed by our God in answer to the prayer of faith.

After the first week the building was crowded and hundreds stood outside, and it was not unusual for two altar services inside the building and two or three outside to be in progress at the same time. One evening Mr. Richey had gone outside and was standing on the running board of a "Yellow Cab" giving a call for sinners to come to Christ, when the driver of the cab, the policeman standing nearby and ten or twelve more knelt

right in the middle of the street (this whole block was closed to traffic every evening during the hours of service) and yielded themselves to the Lord.

Ministers of the different churches co-operated splendidly in this campaign, and the first Wednesday night after the meeting closed, when opportunity was given during the prayer meeting at the First Methodist Church for testimony of those who had been saved or healed, for more than two hours and a half people stood and told what great things God had done for them.

Paralysis, blindness, deafness, tumors, tuberculosis, sleeping sickness and other ailments vanished before the mighty power of Christ, but this was not as wonderful as seeing the hundreds who night after night made their way from every part of the building and found healing of that worst malady of all—sin sickness.

It was in this Revival that Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher both found Christ, and from a life of sin and careless indifference, God has called them into service for Himself, and the Lighthouse Rescue Mission has been established and here these two servants of His are giving their life for others. "Who so loseth His life for my sake . . ."

On Saturday night before the Revival closed on Sun-

day hundreds of those who had been healed paraded through the city streets. The following appeared in the "Tulsa World" on Sunday morning:

"Strangest Procession Ever Witnessed in Tulsa Moves Public—Crutches Are Hauled—Old, Young, Bobbed-Haired Girls and All Shout, 'Praise the Lord!'—It Started at Tabernacle—Evangelist Richey Heads the March After Promising to Come Back Next Fall.

"All traffic stopped in downtown Tulsa at 10 o'clock Saturday night. Not a wheel turned. The clang and noise of a city's Saturday night was suddenly stilled while Tulsa watched the strangest parade that ever passed through the streets.

"They were the hundreds who claim to have found through the prayers of a young Evangelist the merciful healing of God. Two by two they marched up Main Street, men and women, old and young and little children. The band that led them played the Glory Songs of the Revival; they followed the slender young man whose faith and prayers they believe brought God's healing, and who walked with his wife and members of his evangelistic party.



A portion of the crutches, canes, braces, etc., discarded by those healed during first
Tulsa Revival

TRUCK CARRIES CRUTCHES

"Midway in the parade came a truck piled high with discarded crutches; from two of these dangled a pair of little shoes with their hard, iron braces. Many of the marchers carried their own crutches over their shoulders—some one crutch, some of them two. Three cars brought up the rear, in them people, some well known in Tulsa, who shouted continually, 'Praise the Lord!' and met from onlookers applause and an answering, 'Praise the Lord!'

"It was just before 10 o'clock when the parade reached Third and Main streets. As soon as pedestrians and people in cars read the signs carried by the marchers, 'God Heals!' '10,000 Converted in the Richey Meetings!' 'These People Were Healed in the Richey Meetings!' a sudden silence fell upon Tulsa's busiest street. People closed in close to the marchers; street cars and automobiles were lined up as far on Main Street as the eye could see, but there was hardly a sound as the parade marched by."

This is but a small portion of the article that appeared in the "World," and there was one equally as long and as splendidly enthusiastic in the "Tribune," from which the following few lines are taken:

"Since the days of the Crusaders there has never been a parade without a fight. Last night's was no exception. One impatient motorist drove up to a corner to find the street blocked and the passing marchers singing a hymn. He honked his horn impatiently. Several men from the sidewalk started after him. The one who climbed on the running board first ended the honking and the motorist's impatience with one well directed punch."

The above is given not in approval of fighting, but to show the spirit of the people toward the thing that God had done in their midst and their appreciation and respect toward the people who were willing and anxious to bear public testimony for Him.

At the close of this Revival, so urgent was the plea of the people that we return, that definite promise was made to return to Tulsa in the fall. Announcements were made from the platform on the closing night by six or seven different ministers that revivals would begin in their churches immediately.

ATLANTA

In July a campaign was launched in the great City Auditorium in Atlanta. With no advertising in advance, and knowing ourselves only a short time before that we were going there, God in four weeks did the

impossible, and seven thousand souls were saved and other thousands healed in answer to prayer.

Rev. R. A. Forrest, President of the Toccoa Falls Bible Institute, was called by long distance phone from Houston and asked if he could secure the Auditorium for the Revival campaign. He found out that the building could be gotten and wired back this information. He secured the building, a deposit was made, and in a short while we were in Atlanta.

The first night there were very few people out, not more than two or three hundred, and this in a building with six thousand salable seats looked, as Brother Forrest has often said, "like a pocket handkerchief on a ten-acre lot." However, God saved souls in that very first service, and the next night the crowd was larger and more were saved, and the third night the crowd was larger and more were saved and the healing services were started. God healed the people, and the crowds came until in a little more than a week every seat was taken, people were standing everywhere, overflow meetings were held, and still the people were turned away.

Brother Forrest and his wife and numbers of the students from Toccoa Falls Bible Institute were so faithful in helping in every way possible in this campaign. Especially did they help with the music.

Special services were held for the children every Saturday morning, and every Thursday morning a special wheel-chair and cot service.

One Thursday morning a fine looking little lad of fourteen or fifteen years was brought in on a cot lying on his stomach with his head propped on his hands, his elbows resting on the cot. He had been on this cot for over two years with tuberculosis of the spine resulting from an injury and doctors had given up hope. They had said that he would never be better ; though he might live for years, it would always be in this condition.

One of the workers went to him and asked what the trouble was and the boy told him, telling him also what the doctor had said. The worker asked the boy if he believed Jesus *could* heal him. He replied, "I know Jesus *can* heal me." He was then asked if he believed Jesus *would* heal him, and replied, "I know Jesus *will* heal me." When this boy was prayed for he was assisted to his feet and stood on the floor with his thin hands raised high above his head, crying, while the tears coursed down his cheeks, "I knew Jesus would do it—I knew Jesus would do it—I knew Jesus would do it."

A few days later he was back to the meeting and told

the same worker who had talked with him before that he had taken forty-seven steps the day before and fifty-nine steps that day.

Several months later, when we were in Florida, a man came to one of the members of the party and asked if he remembered this case, and when told that he did remember him, the man said, "That boy is now in the field plowing." Praise the dear Lord—"I am the Lord, the God of all flesh—Is there anything too hard for me?" God still asks that question of men and women today.

This is but one of the many who were healed. Braces, canes, crutches, ear trumpets, glasses, etc., were discarded when God touched and healed and testimonies are still being received in the office from those who were healed in this meeting, although it is now almost two years since the Atlanta meeting closed.

On the closing night of the campaign an altar call was given and people thronged to the front, then another near the center, one on either side, one near the rear of the building, one just in the doorway and another in the lobby outside, making seven altar calls in the one service.

When the call in the doorway had been given and

the people who had responded to this call were kneeling, together with those who had responded to the other calls, some one in the balcony leaned far over the rail and cried, "Oh, see the Cross! See the Cross!" When we looked we saw that, all unconsciously, a perfect cross was formed by those seeking pardon at His hands who had purchased that pardon on THE CROSS.

At the end of the third week of meeting when \$900 had been paid and there was another \$300 due on the rent of the auditorium, some who had become interested introduced a motion in the meeting of the City Council that the last week be given us free of rent. One of the Councilmen spoke up and said, "I would like to second that motion with an amendment—I move that we not only give them this last week free, but we return the \$900 that has already been paid in. I may have a personal interest in this because my wife, who has not been well for many years was healed down there." Another said, "I second that motion. I was saved in that meeting." Another spoke and another, until there was a regular "testimony meeting" in the meeting of the Atlanta City Council, and in the end a check for \$900.00 was given us, the amount we had paid, and the last week given us free.

God marvelously stirred that city during those four weeks and we are told by men who live there and who know Atlanta that all over that city they talked of the revival for months, and every one you spoke to about it had been saved or healed, or knew someone who had.

BACK TO TULSA

True to promise, in October we went back to Tulsa. The tabernacle had been left standing and when the dear, loyal friends from the first meeting greeted us and welcomed us back so warmly, it seemed almost like "getting back home."

The first few days the weather was very bad, heavy rains making it almost impossible for the people to get out. But soon the weather cleared, and then they began to come in from all over the city and surrounding country with their wonderful testimonies of salvation and healing.

How our hearts rejoiced to hear men and women tell how Christ had saved them a few months before and the joy and peace they found in serving Him. Many of them were now in active Christian work and had interesting stories to tell of how God was now helping them to lead others to Christ.

A man who was converted in the first campaign was instrumental in leading one hundred men to Christ in the second. Another man and his wife, both converted in the first campaign, brought numbers of men and women to the services.

During the four weeks of this second revival more than three thousand souls accepted Christ and thousands were prayed for for healing.

Testimonies of some healed in the Tulsa campaigns, as well as other campaigns, will be found in the back of this book.

The tabernacle, which was built for the first campaign, still stands and there have been many wonderful revivals held there. Reports come in of souls being saved and bodies healed and we praise God that He is working.

THIRD HOUSTON REVIVAL

The third Houston revival was held in a tabernacle built on the same site, where the tent had been pitched for the first revival and where the tabernacle had been built for the second revival. This spot seems very sacred when we think of the many, many thousands who found Christ there in the forgiveness of sin and the other thousands who found Him as the Great Physician,



Part of the kiddies at one of the special meetings held for them in Tulsa, Okla

and still other thousands who were Christians and had no need of healing and yet they learned here to know the Saviour in a deeper, fuller way than ever before, and went out with new determination to serve Him.

Some people say it is not easy, others say it is impossible for the same evangelist to have two successful revivals in a city. God certainly upset this theory.

The meeting was in progress for seven weeks, four weeks of this time it rained almost every day and practically the entire seven weeks the weather was very disagreeable. Beside this, the holiday season came, when people's minds are taken up with various things and when the churches and church people are so busy getting programs ready for the Christmas time.

Despite all this, God worked in a very marvelous manner and more than five thousand souls professed salvation.

On New Year's Eve a watchnight service was held and at the midnight hour as the New Year dawned more than a thousand people were on their knees praying, praising the Lord and reconsecrating their lives to God. Some remarkable testimonies of healing have come in from this watchnight service. People healed as they knelt and pledged allegiance afresh to the great King.

The meeting closed on January 13th after we had promised in answer to a petition signed by five hundred business men of Houston that we would return for a fourth campaign in the Spring.

BRADENTON, FLORIDA

During the Houston campaign a telegram had come from the Business Men's Evangelistic Club of Bradenton, Florida, asking that we come there and give them a revival. We had replied that, God willing, we would come, so at the close of the Houston meeting preparation had been made and on January 27th the campaign was launched in a big tent in the heart of Bradenton.

All the churches, with a single exception, closed their evening services during this campaign, and ministers and laymen co-operated in the fullest sense.

The Bradenton Band played for us. Mayor Curry welcomed the party and opened the meeting, and the entire city seemed anxious to do everything possible to make the campaign the success God wanted it to be. Prayer meetings were held in the tent and in cottages and God answered prayer. Ministers of Palmetto and Manatee joined forces and the superintendents of the high schools dismissed their classes during the hour of

the morning services and sent the students to the meeting. Scores of these young people surrendered their lives to Jesus and numbers of them were healed. Some pledged themselves for foreign missionary and some for home missionary work.

Thousands were saved and healed in this campaign and went back to their homes, for many of them were tourists, just down south for the winter months, to spread the "glad tidings" that God is God and with Him there is no respect of person, place or time. Jesus when on earth forgave sins and healed diseases and "He is the same yesterday and today and forever."

ST. PETERSBURG

While we were in Bradenton a committee from St. Petersburg had come over, begging that we would come to St. Petersburg before we left Florida, and we had promised that, God willing, we would come.

On Sunday night the Bradenton campaign closed and at six o'clock Monday morning men were gathered at the tent and the seats and platform were torn down, the tent was taken down, the whole loaded on trucks and taken to St. Petersburg. A certain location had been secured there for the tent, but someone had taken

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this up in complaint with the city officials, and when the men arrived with the tent and the lumber they were not allowed to leave it on this location. This was on Monday night and the services were announced to begin on Thursday.

On Tuesday another location was secured and the tent raised, but a wind-storm blew it down and it was raised again; again it was blown down and again it was raised. This time it stayed and the seats were built and the meeting began on Thursday, as announced. However, the tent was pitched on filled ground and would not hold and the rain made it unpleasant, and it was decided to build a tabernacle.

Lumber was purchased and a tabernacle built, the framework and sides built right inside the tent and not a service missed on account of the work. One morning request for volunteer help was made and that evening when the people came to service the tent was down, the tabernacle roof was completed and we did not have to worry about the wind and the rain.

How the people prayed and how God worked! St. Petersburg is a famous tourist city and thousands of people from all over the North and the East were there. Practically every State in the Union was represented at

some time during the campaign and every night there would be from twenty to twenty-five different States represented. One evening in the healing line there were people from sixteen different States.

More than three thousand souls were saved in this three weeks of meeting and almost an equal number prayed for, for healing.

Bradenton people chartered a boat and came over, and on Sundays numbers of them would drive over in their cars and their testimonies strengthened the faith of those to whom the Gospel of Healing was something new and strange.

A dear little lad of fifteen or sixteen years of age crippled with rheumatism and on crutches for years was healed and discarded his crutches during the early part of the campaign, and this enthused and encouraged the people. A large number of deaf and dumb were healed. Crutches and canes were piled on the platform and the dear people who had used them walked away with hands upraised and hearts filled with grateful praise to Him whom "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses."

People of St. Petersburg became so interested and so enthused in and for this Full Gospel work that a great

tabernacle of steel and stucco has been erected and a work is being carried on in that great Sunshine City that will last until Jesus comes. The testimony for Christ and His power to save, heal, fill with the Holy Spirit and the fact of His coming again for his own is given there in its fullness, and all who will come are made welcome.

"TAMPA"

It had been our purpose to return to Houston at the close of the St. Petersburg revival, for we had said that we would come back in March and when at different times we had been spoken to in regard to going to Tampa we had said we could not go at this time, but one morning a group of women came up and one of them said to the evangelist, "You are coming to Tampa." He laughed and replied, "No, not now. Perhaps next winter." They did not smile at all, but another of them spoke up: "We have prayed and God has heard, and you are coming to Tampa." This happened on Friday morning, before the closing Sunday.

On Saturday night about 12 o'clock, after much prayer and waiting on God, He made it very plain that we were to go to Tampa and we were made to remember, "My ways are not your ways," and our plans were all changed.

On Sunday it was announced that the following Sunday we would begin in Tampa. There was no suitable building in Tampa and a location must be secured, lumber bought and a tabernacle erected. A committee of business men met with our representative and they pledged him their fullest co-operation. But unexpected conditions arose and difficulties were encountered, and it was not until Friday that work was begun on the tabernacle. In two days the mammoth tabernacle was built, seats were built, lights were installed and, although the men worked until midnight Saturday night, while the women brought them sandwiches and coffee, promptly at 2:30 o'clock on Sunday afternoon the first service of the Tampa campaign began.

What a beginning it was! There were the dear friends from Bradenton, another large crowd from St. Petersburg, besides the thousands of Tampa people who had been reading the newspapers about what God had been doing in their neighboring cities and who were hungry to see for themselves.

Truly God had directed us to Tampa. The first night the building was crowded and people were standing, and every service the attendance was large and the interest deep. God had a people in Tampa who had been

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praying for years for a mighty revival, and now He was answering prayer. In the four weeks we were there God saved eight thousand five hundred people and about seven thousand were prayed for for healing.

The deaf, the dumb, the blind, the crippled, the bed-fast were healed as with simple faith they looked to the Son of God to whom all power in heaven and earth is given. One man, an M. D. and a D.D., blind in one eye for many years, was healed almost instantly; another, a Methodist minister, blind in both eyes, after being prayed for, began to see, and when we saw him last said his sight was improving all the time.

The last night of the campaign three altar calls were given inside the tabernacle and four outside, and more than three hundred were prayed for for healing, and when, long past the midnight hour, we dragged ourselves wearily to bed, there was a song of praise and gratitude and thanksgiving to God that He had led us to Tampa in spite of our own desires, for never before do we remember seeing people as hungry for God and for His word as they were in that place.

BROOKSVILLE

Sunday midnight we were in the big Tampa tabernacle where the Lord had so graciously poured out His Spirit in salvation and healing; then to the hotel and busy with wires to the Full Gospel Advocate, giving last minute news that the "family" might have it at the earliest possible moment; a few hours of sleep, up bright and early on Monday morning, a hasty bite of breakfast, a hurried finishing of the packing, a word of farewell to friends who had come and just must see us for a last handshake and word of "godspeed," and then we were loaded into automobiles for the seventy-mile trip to Brooksville. Brooksville, whose business men would not take "no" for an answer when they made a special trip to Tampa asking that we give them at least one day.

How glad we are that God made us say "yes" at last when we had been saying "no," and it seemed absolutely an impossibility. There were so many things to be done in Tampa, and just five days from the closing night in Tampa we were announced to begin in Hazlehurst, another meeting we had not planned and had not wanted, but God knew and so it was that some of the party had to remain in Tampa to settle up things there, while the rest of us went to Brooksville.

We arrived in Brooksville (stopping en route for lunch), about ten minutes after three and the first service had been announced for three o'clock, but we were driven to the lovely home of a man who had been saved in the Tampa meeting, and not only was Mr. Russell himself saved, but several members of his family had been saved or healed, and how royally they entertained us and how their testimonies made us rejoice! Stopping just long enough to leave our luggage, get a cool drink and speak to our host and hostess, we were driven to a large vacant lot in front of the courthouse, where a platform had been erected, piano and chairs placed on the platform and empty orange crates for seats placed all over the lot. Men, women and children were sitting and standing there in the hot sun and we were told that hundreds of them had been there for hours, many of them driving for miles in order to be in the services. There was a spirited song service led by A. J., the evangelist gave a short message, and then an altar call was given, and we shall never forget the wonderful, wonderful response. They came from everywhere and knelt on the ground near the platform until there was no more room, then going half way back, another call was made and again they came until in that afternoon serv-

ice more than three hundred souls knelt, pleading forgiveness from Him who alone hath power to forgive sin.

Then the healing service—for weeks letters were received telling how people had been healed in that afternoon service—of deafness, of blindness, of rheumatism, some of cancer, some of tumors.

When we could get away we went “home” for just long enough to eat dinner, rest just a few minutes and then back for the evening service. The crowd was even larger than in the afternoon and after the sermon when the space near the front had been filled with souls seeking God, again the evangelist went back into the audience and gave a call on the right and then on the left until there were four different altar services in progress out under the stars and one could almost imagine that the stars were twinkling with very happiness because the Father’s weary, wandering children were coming home.

In this one day six hundred and forty-four souls whispered “Yes” to Jesus and hundreds of sick and afflicted were prayed for. The whole surrounding country was stirred and revivals began immediately in many churches because that group of business men

were interested in the spiritual well being of their city and prayed and worked and believed and God answered their prayer.

At the time this is written more than a year has passed since the memorable day referred to and yet we hear that "the revival is still going on—souls are still being saved and God is working," and so we say again that we are glad God sent us to Brooksville.

HAZLEHURST

When the letters and telegrams first began to come from Hazlehurst to St. Petersburg, asking us to come there for a revival, we were sorry we could not go, but we were a little amused, too, because until this time we had not even known there was such a place. Immediately we had written back that it would be impossible we could consider coming there. We told them we were engaged for several months, and then Hazlehurst was such a small place and we had never held a revival in such a town. You see, Hazlehurst only claimed fifteen hundred people, and we felt that we wanted to go where we could reach more people for God.

But the people in Hazlehurst were praying and they were fasting; and they not only fasted and prayed, but

they finally felt that they had prayed through and they stopped praying and began to praise the Lord for the answer, and then they went to work. In one mail dozens of letters came from different people there telling us the deep need of a revival in that section, and then the telegrams came—letters and telegrams from the mayor, from the business men, from city and county officials and from preachers and laymen and women who were hungry to see something done for God in their town.

Finally we could not get them to accept denial and a member of the party was sent there to ascertain the condition of things, and he came back so enthused over their enthusiasm and their hunger for a revival that almost before we realized it God had again upset our arrangements and we had said, "yes, we will come to Hazlehurst for one week."

A big tobacco warehouse had been secured, platform and seats had been built, piano secured, and the meeting opened.

The first few nights the people came with an air of frank curiosity. They wondered what was going to happen. Aside from those who had urged us to come, they sat and looked on. They would not sing; they could not pray, and so they sat and watched. But in

two or three nights the break came, and old men and women who had not been in church for years, some of them said for twenty and twenty-five years, came and, kneeling there on the floor of that warehouse, they wept their way to Calvary and to peace. Young men and women just entering into the responsibilities of life pledged themselves to Christ; the children came, and such a revival as had not been known in South Georgia for half a century was under way.

People came from every direction and in every conceivable manner. They came on trains, in automobiles, in buggies, in carriages, in wagons, riding horseback, riding muleback, and many of them walked for miles. One evening just at sundown we were out riding and several miles from town we met people walking into the meeting, and we were told that numbers who had no other way to come walked in every night.

The railroads ran special excursions to the meetings, and on Sunday a five-car special was run and every car was loaded. We had agreed to remain first a week, then ten days, but when the ten days were passed a petition, signed by all the city officials, all the merchants except three and many of the leading citizens, was submitted, and we said we would stay three days longer.

In thirteen days in this tiny Georgia town thirty-five hundred people, more than twice the entire population of the town, knelt and surrendered to Christ, and hundreds were prayed for for healing. Scores were healed of incurable diseases; a woman coming to the meetings from Richmond, Virginia, totally blind for four years, was prayed for, and before she left she could distinguish colors and could see her features in the mirror; a man, blind in his left eye for seven years, could see perfectly with that eye; another man, crippled with rheumatism so badly that for seven years he had used crutches, was healed and discarded them.

Not only these things happened, but in this section of the country they had not had a good crop for more than three years, and the evangelist told them if they would turn their hearts and lives to God, build up the family altars and honor Him who is worthy of honor and adoration, then God would bless their land and it should yield its increase. They did turn to God; they did pray and honor God, and He did bless them with splendid crops this year.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moore, who entertained the entire party in their beautiful colonial home, attended the meeting in Jacksonville in January of this year (1925),

and they tell us that the revival has never stopped. Not only is there a spirit of revival in the churches, but it is all over the county, and the adjoining counties and in the cottage prayer meetings souls are being saved.

HOUSTON AND THE FOURTH REVIVAL THERE

On May 30th the revival we had planned to begin in March began. God had changed all our plans, and we had held four revivals instead of the one we had expected to hold, and had spent one day in another place and in this one day had seen more souls saved than we had seen in some places in a week. Yes, the dear Lord had changed our plans and we were at least two months later reaching Houston than we had thought, but oh, what a thrill of joy when we thought of the thousands and thousands that had found Christ in these two months, and how glad we were that God had led us in just the way He had.

How enthused and happy the people were and how the glad testimonies rang out as this one and that one and another one told of what God had done.

It was the same old tabernacle that had been used for the winter campaign, but how different it looked now



An altar service in the fourth Houston Revival

with the sides removed, the posts painted white and the platform changed.

You would think that after three revivals in a little less than three years in the same place it would become an old story, but the sweet story of salvation is ever new and in the very first service the evangelist took for his text part of Joshua 13:1, "There remaineth much land to be possessed." This was certainly proven true, for in the very first service fifty-two came forward when the altar call was made.

For six weeks this meeting continued and the Lord graciously poured out His Spirit upon the people. The heat during June and the first week of July was intense, but the people came and found healing for sin-weary souls and disease-stricken bodies.

THE CAPITAL TOUR

For two or three years God had been talking to Mr. Richey about making a tour of the capitals of the Southern States, stopping for two days in each of them, and at the close of the Houston campaign He opened the way for them to go.

Raymond T., A. J. and E. A. Richey, accompanied by Rev. Houghton and Mr. DeWeese, left Houston

after the close of the last service of the fourth Houston Revival, going first to AUSTIN, Texas; then BATON ROUGE, Louisiana; JACKSON, Mississippi; MONTGOMERY, Alabama; NASHVILLE, Tennessee, and LOUISVILLE, Kentucky. (The meeting had been announced for Frankfort, but on account of a Chautauqua being in session and the town being so small, it was decided to go to Louisville instead.)

From four to six services were conducted in each of the above named cities; not less than two hundred people professing salvation in one of the cities, and the sick and afflicted were prayed for in every service and the party returned to Houston two weeks from the time they went away.

People came on the trains and in automobiles for many miles to the services. One party drove two hundred and fifty miles in an automobile; a woman who had undergone a serious operation was brought forty-five miles on a cot in the back of a small truck. After being prayed for, she said she was free of pain and arose from the cot and walked from the building.

In Montgomery the postmaster from a neighboring town who had been bent over from rheumatism and walked on crutches for eighteen years was healed and

as he walked around the building without the crutches people shouted and praised the Lord.

There was no time to secure written testimonies on this tour, but for months after the party returned to Houston the testimonies came in from those who had been saved or healed and many who had been both saved and healed.

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

On August eighth in a mammoth tent a meeting was begun in Long Beach, California, and very attractive indeed was the big white tent with its gay bunting and flags, its great choir platform, with two grand pianos and the beautiful flowers everywhere.

In Long Beach we found many friends from other meetings. There were testimonies from people who had been healed in Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Houston, Fort Worth, different points in Florida, and from practically every meeting we had held.

God sent the heart-hungry people to fill the tent and then He sent the Holy Spirit and blessed the people. The altar was crowded night after night with men and women, old and young, who had grown sick of sin and the wage it paid and who sought pardon, peace

and rest at the nail-pierced feet of the Christ of God.

Dear old men and women with white hair, some who had never known the Saviour's love and others who had in other years loved and served Him, but had some way drifted away, were brought to the foot of the cross and there found the satisfaction that the world has never been able to give to the soul of man.

Young men and young women on the very threshold of life knelt beside the older ones and pladged allegiance to Him who shall one day reign as King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Many of these young people, when opportunity was given, came forward and pledged their lives to the service of the Master, either for home or foreign service.

Thousands were converted and thousands were healed and scores were led out into definite Christian work, and when at midnight on September seventh we had said good-bye for the last time and for the last time left the tent there were groups gathered here and there over the tent, loath to leave the place where God had been working and there was a mist in our eyes and a tightening of the throat as we whispered praises to Him who is "able to do exceeding, abundantly above all that we ask or think."

ALBANY, NEW YORK

While in St. Petersburg, Florida, it had been our good fortune to become acquainted with a gentleman who was a "real Christian," with a real passion for souls. This man, Wm. J. LaGrange, a business man from Albany, N. Y., worked faithfully through the St. Petersburg campaign, then came to Tampa for a part of that campaign and then to Hazlehurst for a few days while we were there.

In answer to his earnest pleas that we consider Albany for a revival, Mr. Richey had told him we would pray about it and if God should lead us there we would come, but we could not say when.

However, this was encouragement enough and immediately on his return to Albany Mr. LaGrange visited numbers of different churches, telling what he had seen and heard in the revivals and asking the support of the ministers for a campaign in the New York capital. Then he went before the Ministers' Alliance and asked their support and their prayers. This was promised and he wrote during the Long Beach campaign urging that we come immediately, that Albany really needed and was hungry for an "old time revival." Mr. Richey finally agreed to go and it was

announced that on September 28th the revival would begin.

When we arrived in Albany, had our faith been in men we would certainly have been discouraged. On every hand people were saying, "There cannot be a revival in Albany. There never has been one here and we do not need it." Christian people would tell us "Albany is the hardest place you ever struck. I suppose you hear that in every city you go, but it is really true of this place. People here are so self-satisfied and there is no hunger for a revival, even in the churches." The pastor of one of the large down town Baptist churches said, "For twenty-four years I have been preaching the Gospel of Christ and I have been in many states and in many cities and I have never seen a place as hard as Albany."

Then, too, we were disappointed in the location of the tabernacle. It had been impossible to find a vacant place near the heart of the city large enough to build the tabernacle on, so it had been built about two miles from the state capitol. Not only this, but it was two blocks to the street car line.

However, we felt confident that God had sent us to Albany and we knew if He sent us there He would

take care of every discouragement and every difficulty.

There was a very good crowd on the first Sunday afternoon and a better one Sunday evening. In both services a number were saved and more than two hundred signed slips pledging themselves to pray at least thirty minutes daily for the revival. Then Monday it rained and it rained for three days and the crowds were very small. At the end of this three days it cleared and the weather was beautiful for the balance of the seven weeks of the campaign. It was stated that all records were broken, that not since there had been a record kept had there been such an unbroken period of fair weather in the autumn in that part of New York State.

Soon the healing services were started, and early in the campaign a woman from Schenectady, a nearby town, who had been totally blind in her left eye for thirty-five years, was instantly healed. Another who had been unable to kneel for many years on account of stiff knees caused by rheumatism was healed. Then deaf ears were unstopped, blind eyes were opened, life was restored to paralyzed limbs and the building was filled and there was not room to seat the people and at times they were standing even outside the door looking in.

Morning after morning and evening after evening the altar was filled in the front of the building and then the evangelist would go to the rear and the aisles would fill with old and young kneeling in penitence at the feet of Jesus. The following telegram was sent to the "Full Gospel Advocate": "Surely this past week has been one of the most wonderful God has ever given us. Including Sunday services ten thousand three hundred and forty-four have knelt at the altar and surrendered to Christ since the beginning of the campaign. Sunday alone God gave us nine hundred and sixteen souls and some miracles of healing."

For seven weeks this meeting continued and during this seven weeks God saved more than thirteen thousand souls; cards were signed by thirteen thousand four hundred and eighty and almost ten thousand sick and afflicted were prayed with for healing.

Services were conducted on three different occasions at the New York Central Railroad Shops and in each of these services scores of the men raised their hands for prayer, numbers of them later coming to the tabernacle and surrendering to Christ.

Our Christ is "the same yesterday, today and forever" and He worked in a time and a place and a way that only He could have worked.



Great Tabernacle in Albany, N. Y., where 13,480 souls were saved in seven weeks

Staid, self-satisfied, self-righteous old Albany, the oldest incorporated town in the United States, was made to realize that Christ the Lord is still on the throne and still saves and heals as in days that are gone.

“IN THE MOUTH OF TWO OR THREE WIT-
NESSES EVERY WORD MAY BE
ESTABLISHED”

I had diabetes for almost six years and both my kidneys were in bad shape, so that I had to take medicine from one to three times daily for a year. I was prayed for and praise God He healed me. Mrs. J. M. Taylor.

Two specialists had told me I would go blind. Several years ago I had an operation performed on my left eye. Two years ago I was told a cataract was forming on this eye. I was prayed for in the meeting and God has healed me. Praise His holy Name. This is the first letter I have written without my glasses for about thirty years. You can see by this what a blessing I have received. Before I was prayed for, a printed page looked like a blot of ink, but now I can read without my glasses. Mrs. J. C. Reichart.

I am now sixteen years old. I had a spell of fever

when I was eighteen months old that left my foot drawn and I have never been able to walk on it straight until I was prayed for. I can now walk straight on that foot, praise God. Miss Eva Shaw.

Thank God for the great revival. My soul has been saved and my body healed. I had a double hernia for twelve years and God healed me. I also had a growth in my body and that is also gone. Praise the Lord. Mrs. Geo. Hahn.

I do want to add my testimony to others. I was healed of a tumor I had for twenty-five years. I was also healed of other troubles. Praise the Lord. Joe Walters.

"And she suffered many things of many physicians and had spent all that she had and was nothing better, but, rather, grew worse." For nearly two years I had been under the constant care of doctors; suffering with tuberculosis of lungs and bowels and had ulcers of the stomach. Had been in bed for nine months, my body and nerves racked from the excruciating pain. At times would go ten days without eating a bite of food (it caused such pain). One night I awoke about midnight. I had a vision, as it were; I heard music, the sweetest, most beautiful music I had ever heard

and I saw a great multitude of people. Something, I knew not what, just seemed to tell me I was going to get well, in spite of the fact that the doctors had given me up, said there was nothing more to do but give me medicine to relieve the pain. One week later I was carried to the meeting in an ambulance. With the prayers of God's people and my faith in the Lord, I was healed and arose from my cot. Praise the Lord. Had worn glasses constantly for fifteen years, but the Lord Jesus healed my eyes. The ulcers and tubercular spots have scarred over and are healing rapidly. I had suffered from terrible nervous spells, the shaking would start in my bowels and keep up until every nerve and muscle in my body was shaking. It would take four of my friends to keep me on the bed. One time I shook that way for fifteen hours, then collapsed and lay unconscious for more than a week. My younger sister, who is a nurse in the Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis, Indiana, was with me part of the time. She said, in all her practice she had never seen anyone with their nerves so completely shattered as mine, but thank God that is all over and I have gained fifteen pounds in the three months since I was prayed for. My doctor says, 'It is wonderful and God's work.' No

one can doubt it being a complete healing." Miss Oma Slack.

I have had bronchial asthma for eleven years and the last few years it seemed I was getting worse, as I would cough thirty-six hours in succession, and from the hard coughing I lost the sight of my left eye. On April second, 1924, I was prayed for and our dear Lord opened my eye, so that I can even read now with the right eye closed, and the asthma is getting better every day. Praise the Lord. Miss Juanda Cheshire.

Since the tenth of October, 1922, my wrists had been stiff as the result of meningitis, fever had dried up the joint-water and adhesions had grown in its place, making them set. Twice I had operations on my hands, changing their position, hoping to loosen them up, and for months I had had massage treatments, but all with little improvement. When Brother Richey came to St. Petersburg, he preached Jesus to me as the Healer of my body as well as of my soul. I believed, and on Wednesday evening, February 27th, 1924, I was prayed for and healed. Glory to Jesus. He is the same, yesterday and today and forever. I shall never be able to praise Him enough. Myrtle Durant.

I thank God for healing me of infantile paralysis on

the sixth day of March, 1924, which I had had for fifteen and one-half years. I was stricken at three years of age. I am gaining every day and now have almost full use of my right limb and the hump that was on my back has completely gone. My back is straight. I praise God every day for what He has done for me. Mrs. Wm. R. Craven.

The blessed Lord Jesus healed me of curvature of the spine, which I had for fifteen years. I was under the care of doctors in Chicago. They said I would undoubtedly have to wear a cast for the balance of my life, but now I am healed. Praise the Lord. Dorothy Helwig.

I praise the Lord for the healing of a cancer on my lip which the doctors had treated for over a year. Mrs. Fred J. Wolf.

Healed of a deaf ear, which had discharged pus since I was six months old. Doctors had announced the ear drum gone numerous times. Now my hearing is restored and the pus has ceased to discharge as before. Thus I have been greatly benefited along with others at the Richey meetings. Praise the Lord. Marion E. Hoyden.

Praise God for healing me at St. Petersburg of gall-

PROPERTY OF
MARGARET BARNETT WILLIAMS

stones, indigestion and other troubles. Mrs. R. A. Thompson.

My left hand, which was paralyzed when an infant, has been healed. I am now eleven years old. I made a talk to the third grade children yesterday. I had them all say, "Praise the Lord," after me. The teacher and the children were very much interested. God bless you and all your workers is my prayer. Praise the Lord. Emmett G. Sheppard.

On the night of April 9th, 1924, my left knee was healed. It had been stiff for over twenty years with rheumatism, but now I can kneel on it the same as the right one, praise the Lord. Mrs. A. H. Rawlins.

Praise the Lord I was healed of asthma and gallstones. The cough has left me and all the soreness in the chest is gone. I had suffered with this for three years. Mrs. W. T. Cosgrove.

I have worn glasses for eighteen years and was never able to go an hour without them without suffering with a terrible headache and could not see to read over a line or two at a time, as everything became blurred. I have not had a particle of trouble since being prayed for and can now read the finest print. Mrs. J. S. Evans.

About five months ago I was taken to my bed with

an abscess on my breast. The doctors thought it was pneumonia. The poison went through my system. Three doctors gave me up, but one doctor said he would experiment on me. Abscesses came in several parts of my body; finally paralyzing my limb. My teacher gave my name to the Richey party for prayer and I began to improve immediately. I was walking on crutches at that time, but, praise the Lord, I do not use them now. Second Gonzales.

A cancer came on my face about two years ago and it troubled me a great deal. At times it would sting so I could hardly let it alone. In answer to prayer it disappeared. It began to fester two or three days before and got very sore, much more so than it had ever been before. I noticed Friday evening it was getting loose around the edges and Saturday morning when I washed my face it fell on the floor. Praise the Lord. I was expecting it to dry up, as I had never heard of one going like this. According to Jeremiah 33:3, we called upon the Lord and He answered and showed us great and mighty things we knew not. I can say from the depths of an honest heart that the Lord has done great things for me. We enjoy the Full Gospel Advocate, because it is full of inspiration and truth. Mrs. Mary Carpenter.

Please don't fail to tell people about my baby being so wonderfully healed of toxin poison and a number of other diseases resulting from it. She is three years and six months old and had never eaten a meal until prayed for, but had lived on milk and crackers and was compelled to take medicine to digest that. She had been treated by a number of the best baby specialists in several different states, but was only temporarily relieved, until healed by the only unfailing physician—Jesus. Glory to His name forever. She eats everything she wants now and is gaining. I tell folks everywhere, but I feel I can never tell it half enough. Mrs. A. E. Baker.

I was healed of cancer and bronchitis. There is no sign of either disease now. I truly glorify God for His mercy to me. I was not healed because of any worth or merit of mine, but that the power of God might be made manifest. Praise the Lord. B. E. Boydston.

I had been crippled for over seventeen years; also had trouble with my wrist and had worn glasses for more than eight years. God has healed me. Praise the Lord. Mrs. S. H. Dotson.

I was paralyzed for nearly five years, but, praise

the Lord, He healed me, both soul and body. G. W. Selnez.

My healing has been a marvel to all my relatives and friends. I had been in very bad health for fourteen years, during which time I spent ten months in a tubercular sanitarium, had one serious operation, and at the time I was prayed for was on special diet for catarrh of the stomach. Weighed only eighty-two pounds. I was prayed for and healed in the meeting nine months ago and now I weigh one hundred twelve; a gain of thirty pounds. I do all my housework and feel like a different woman. Praise the Lord. Mrs. A. H. Eicke.

I have been healed by the great Physician of a rupture of twelve years standing; also eczema I had for six years. My eyes are also much better. Praise the Lord. Henry Sagendorff.

Our fourteen-months-old baby, Edythe Marilynne Hebrick, was healed of a stiff elbow, for which I praise the Lord with all my heart. Mrs. F. M. Hebrick.

For twenty-five years I have worn glasses, but God has healed my eyes and I can now write without them. I was also healed of varicose veins. Praise the Lord. Elizabeth Kernaghar.

Praise the Lord for what He did for me during your meeting. I was converted and healed of a goitre I had for six years. Adele S. Davis.

I had a broken ankle and for seven months I had sharp pains through this ankle when walking; was prayed for and healed. My wife also had a serious stomach trouble for fifteen years and was healed. We both praise the Lord for bodily healing, but much more for spiritual healing. Joseph Huber.

I want to praise the Lord for the healing of a goitre with which I had suffered ten years. Also spinal trouble and nervousness. I was healed instantly. Mrs. Elliott Weisgarver.

After attending six of the services, I went up in the line for healing. I was anointed and prayed for and healed of a chronic throat trouble of more than forty years standing. Also my eyes are steadily recovering vision. Praise the Lord. Rev. Marcus W. Fuller.

Have been a sufferer with rheumatism for eleven years and for a year had walked with a crutch, but since being prayed for, I walk without it. I kneeled after being prayed for, the first time in three years. I am so happy. Praise the Lord. Mrs. T. E. Lowie.

With diabetes for fourteen years, a dislocated hip for fifteen years, female weakness caused by child-bearing ten years ago, my health gave out completely, causing nervous breakdown and severe hemorrhages. I lost so much blood, I became anemic; was obliged to remain in bed for three months. After being in bed all day October ninth, I came to the tabernacle for my healing. Praise God, I have not been to bed except at night since, and on the next day I enjoyed an automobile ride of one hundred eighty-six miles, got out, walked around, prepared supper for four people and haven't felt so well since I can remember. Mrs. Daisy M. Carson.

I cannot be thankful enough for what the Lord has done for me. I have had fibroid tumor for ten years and was never without pain from it. The fibers went to the left breast and caused a cancer, the left arm was so bad I could not use it, but when I went to the meeting and gave my life to Jesus, He saved me and made me well. I had had about twenty-five doctors. I am praising God because He has healed me. Mrs. D. E. Miller.

I have suffered five years with terrible pains in my back and an X-ray picture showed a compound frac-

ture. I could not stoop to pick anything from the floor. I have had chiropractic, osteopathic and violet-ray treatments and the doctors told me I could never walk unless fitted with metal corset which I would have to wear the rest of my life. Then I attended the Richey Revival in Albany. The first meeting my soul was saved and the next meeting I went up for the healing of my body and, praise the Lord, my back was instantly healed and I have never been so well nor so happy as I have been since I surrendered all to the Lord. Praise His Name. Mrs. Louise Cushman.

. . . . "And the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven." Jas. 5:15.

The prayer of faith, says the Word of God, shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up. What is faith? King James' Version, Hebrews 11:1, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Weymouth's translation, a little clearer to most of us, reads, Hebrews 11:1, "Now faith is a well-grounded assurance of that for which we hope and a conviction of the reality of things which we do not see." Moffett, in even fewer words, and just as clearly understood, declares, Hebrews 11:1, "Now,

faith means we are confident of what we hope for, convinced of what we do not see.”

“Confident of what we hope for, convinced of what we do not see.” How can we, so prone to doubt and fear, reach the place where we are confident of what we hope for, and even more than that, convinced of what we do not see?

First of all, in coming for healing, we must have a heart knowledge of God. We must know that our sins have been forgiven, that we have been washed in the precious blood of His Son that was shed for our sins. We could not be confident of the thing we hoped for, if when we came asking this favor of God, we were not in the place He wanted us to be. It is not the rebel who dares to ask favors of the Sovereign; it is the faithful servant, or the loving, obedient child, and so we must be when we come to the great King of Kings.

Next we must come with the assurance that it is God's Will to heal us. That is the thing that is the stumbling block in the way of so many dear children of God receiving healing today. He or she wants healing “IF” it is God's will to heal. On the face of it, this is a very plausible statement and we have hid-

den behind it for years; but when we begin to investigate it, it is rather a futile argument to advance, after all. Why? Simply because we say "This is my cross, I must bear it with a smile. I'm perfectly willing to suffer for Jesus' sake. If God wants me sick, or suffering, or crippled, or blind or deaf or dumb, why that's my thorn in the flesh and I'm willing to suffer for Christ."

We say all that. We make excuses for our lack of faith to grasp God for healing on that score and then we send for every physician and we try every medicine known and everything that friend, neighbor, loved one or acquaintance recommends. We do not hesitate to "trust in the arm of flesh for help." We are not afraid to do everything that human agencies can do to bring relief. We do not worry, then, about whether it is God's will to heal or not. But when we have come to the end of our resources and have exhausted every available avenue of hope and some child of God who has known what it means to feel the hand of God laid in healing on his or her body comes to whisper in our ear a sweet message of hope and cheer that "I am the Lord that healeth thee," we begin to wonder if it is "God's will" to heal us. How terribly inconsistent.

Well, you say, "How may I know that it is God's will to heal me?" Because His Word says so. You have exactly the same authority for expecting healing of your body that you have healing for your soul.

It comes from the same great Source and through the same great Channel from the Father God, through the Holy Spirit in the name of the Son who bought it for you.

Way back in Exodus we read, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." The Psalmist says (103:2), "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not all His benefits." Now what are the very first benefits he names? Why, the two most important ones, of course, in the very next verse, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases."

Isaiah, in the marvelous chapter of the foretelling of what Christ was to suffer for us and why, says (53:5), "He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him and with His stripes we are healed." All in that one short verse. In those few little lines: Salvation. Peace-healing. Purchased for us by the Son of God. When? He paid for our healing by his scourging, just before the crucifixion. He

paid for our salvation as He hung there on the cross. He purchased it right there for you and for me. I believe it and I accept it as mine. It can be yours if you will have it.

But you say, "Why, that healing means healing of sin sickness. That is for the healing of our souls, not for our bodies." Dear reader, the Master's disciples did not so understand it. Let us listen for a moment and see what they have to say about it, "In the evening many demoniacs were brought to Him and with a word He expelled the demons; and He cured all the sick." (Why?) "In order that this prediction of the Prophet Isaiah might be fulfilled: He took on Him our weaknesses and bore the burden of our diseases." (Moffett's translation) or King James' Version reads, "That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the Prophet, saying Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." (Matthew 8:17.) That is what Matthew says about it.

Peter says (1 Peter 2:24), "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness by whose stripes ye WERE healed." It is already done. It was done when the stripes were laid on His back. Moffett says, "By His wounds, ye have been healed."

We cannot have better evidence of what God's will for us as His children is than the life and actions of our Saviour, God's Son, when He was on the earth. It is written of Him, "I come to do the Will of Him that sent me," and we read that He "went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil"; that He "went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom and healing ALL MANNER OF SICKNESS and ALL MANNER OF DISEASE among the people."

Christ came to do the will of His father and if it had not been the will of God to heal the sick and afflicted, surely then Christ Himself would not have done it. His word says He is "the same yesterday and today and forever." If this be true and He healed the sick in that day because it was the will of His Father, may we not expect the same thing and for the same reason today?

You say: Well, I believe I see that all right, but Paul had a thorn in the flesh and maybe God wants me to suffer with this. Maybe this is my thorn in the flesh.

Dear reader, the Word of God does not say that Paul's thorn in the flesh was sickness, nor weakness,

nor sore eyes. Nor does the Word of God say that Paul sought God for healing. The Word of God says "There was given me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of satan to buffet me." And Paul tells just why this was done. Because of the wonderful revelations that had been given to him; after he had been caught up into the third heaven and had heard things not lawful for men to utter. Then, says Paul, repeating it twice, "Lest I should be exalted above measure."

Have you been into the third heaven? Have you heard things not lawful for man to utter? Have you known such marvels of the revelations of God that something must be permitted to come to you to keep you from being exalted above measure? Are you on the same plane Paul was when his thorn in the flesh was given? If so, then perhaps you may be given a thorn in the flesh, but it will probably not be illness.

The Word of God does not say that Paul prayed for healing. No. It says, "For this thing I besought the Lord thrice that it might *depart from me*."

Now. If you are sure that you are in condition to ask God for healing and if you are sure it is His will to heal, then you may pray the prayer of faith.

What is faith? "The well-grounded assurance of

that for which we hope and a conviction of the reality of things we do not see."

If you have this well-grounded assurance of the thing that you are hoping for and you are convinced of the thing you do not see; then you will begin to thank God that already the healing is begun in your body. You will cease to seek for symptoms. Your eyes will no longer be on yourself and on your condition, but they will be firmly fixed on Him, who "Himself bare our sicknesses." When you have reached this glad place, then comes the precious promise of Malachi 4:2—

"UNTO YOU THAT FEAR MY NAME SHALL THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS ARISE WITH HEALING IN HIS WINGS."

"WHAT DO THESE THINGS MEAN?"

What can it mean when you see on every hand the mighty workings of our God? What can it mean when in practically every city of note in the United States and in many of the other countries the message of Hebrews 13:8, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and forever," has been sounded and is being followed by the "signs" of the believer?

Souls by the multiplied thousands have been born into the Kingdom of God; sick, maimed, weary and afflicted bodies have been made whole again by the tender touch of the Hand of the Man of Calvary. Believing Christians have been filled with the mighty Holy Spirit of promise and have gone out into the "field that is even now white unto the harvest." What can it mean, we say? One thing it means is that once again after the darkness, light is breaking through the clouds that have obscured the glory and the brightness of Him and of His Word and His glory and that we are beginning to realize that Christ meant just what He said when He commanded that the disciples should go into all the world and preach the Gospel, and "Lo, I am with you always."

Another thing it means is: "When the Gospel of the Kingdom is preached to all nations, then shall the end come." That is being done oh so rapidly in this day. Men and women everywhere are hearing this blessed Gospel of the Kingdom—this Gospel of Salvation—of Healing—of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and of His SOON COMING.

What do these things mean (in the world today)? When the great world war has closed and people are

declaring there shall be no more war; when mothers are rising up to say no more shall their sons provide food for cannon when schools and churches are saying that the world war has settled the questions of further wars, and yet, while these things are yet ringing in our ears, we pick up the daily papers and read there before us in black and white where this country and that and the other are threatening war and it seems certain that another war is upon us, one more horrible than the last.

What do these things mean when men of business leave their offices at night worth millions and at noon of the next day are paupers and suicides? What do these things mean when here, there and everywhere there is confusion, strife, bitterness? When all about us there is heartache and weariness? What do these terrible earthquakes of the last few years mean?

Did He not say before He went away, "When you see all these things beginning to come to pass, lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh?"

Brother, sister, it seems to me that His coming is very near indeed. Seems I can almost hear His foot-step—almost hear His dear hand on the latch of the door. Ah, surely, surely, the light is breaking in the

eastern sky, surely earth's long night is almost over and He whom our souls love is almost ready to return for His own.

"It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come, but if I depart, I will send Him unto you," He said, and later, "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

Shall we for a moment journey back two thousand years and stop for a moment on Mt. Olivet with that faithful band who are listening to the last words of the Lord? Listen! He is speaking, "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me SEE! SEE! He is leaving them. He is ascending. "While they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

He had gone, really gone from their sight. He had suffered the humiliation of the judgment, the shame of the scourge, the agony of the cross and the loneliness of the tomb. He had come forth in the triumphant glory of the resurrection and had walked and talked with them, but now He had really gone—gone back to the Father—back to the glory that was His

before the beginning of the world—back to the plaudits and the praise and the worship and the adoration of the angelic hosts and they were left alone.

But what is this? Before they had time to think of their loneliness, before they had time to realize that He was really gone, "Two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go."

Christ, Himself, told them he was coming again and then the angelic visitors told them Christ was coming again and then we hear Paul say to his Christian brethren, "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the truth of God and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

Then on the Isle of Patmos we hear John the Beloved say after the glorious vision of the Revelation "Even so, come Lord Jesus."

What do these things mean? These things in the spiritual world; these things in the physical world;

these things in the financial world? Shall we quote these few words from "He's Coming Soon?"

The signs around in earth and air,

Or painted on the star-lit sky,

God's faithful witnesses declare:

That the coming of the Saviour draweth nigh.

It has now been over four years since the Lord so wonderfully healed me, and, praise His Holy Name, I am still praising Him and telling the wonderful story whenever and wherever I have a chance. Praise the Lord!

It was in 1919 (February) I was putting up curtains in my home. I climbed upon the head-board of the bed, so as to be able to reach the top of the window, when I slipped and fell, straining all the nerves and pinching the main nerve in the fifth joint of the vertebrae. This impingement caused paralysis of both limbs from the waist down. I was in bed for nine weeks, suffering terribly. I had the very best medical aid obtainable, and finally I was improved so as to be able to walk on crutches. For more than a year I walked this way. At last I was taken down with pus on the lungs, this being caused from walking

on crutches. For eight weeks I was in bed again. It was necessary to insert drain tubes to drain the pus from my lungs. Again the medical doctors and the chiropractors were able to help me, and I was able to get up. But oh, how I suffered all the time.

On August 5, 1920, I had another stroke of paralysis of the left limb and side, from the waist down. I was unable to move that limb, not even my toes. The muscles all withered up. The doctors could do nothing. They said I would never walk again. I was placed in a wheel chair, and condemned to stay there for life. But oh, they had not reckoned with the great Physician.

Praise the Lord, on the morning of Sept. 19, 1921, I was wheeled into the City Auditorium, Houston, Tex., and was prayed for by one of God's servants, Raymond T. Richey, for the healing of my body. And instantly! Praise the Lord! Instantly, I walked out of that wheel chair, never to sit in it again!

Oh, how I praise God that it was ever written that the prayer of faith shall heal the sick and the Lord shall raise them up.

Six weeks later the limb had all filled out and was

as perfect as a new one ; and I am still walking with the Lord and talking for the Lord. How I do thank God for the Light, for the full gospel, that causes me to recognize my blessed Lord as my Savior, my Healer and my coming King. Praise His name.—Mrs. R. H. Taylor, 503 East Twenty-fifth street, Houston, Tex.

I can never praise the Lord enough for what He has done for me. On July 15, 1910, I became ill. On September 9, 1910, I was operated on for appendicitis at Springfield, Mo. From that time I was an invalid in a wheel chair. I could neither stand nor walk. I was taken to the Raymond T. Richey revival meeting at Houston, Tex., in October, 1921, and there I was prayed for. My complete healing followed. By the grace of God and through his boundless love and mercy I am now robust—in perfect health. I stand and walk normally. Since my wonderful healing I have become the mother of a beautiful, healthy baby boy. I truly thank the Lord for Brother Richey and his wife and the good people of Houston for their faithful prayers. Praise the Lord! These prayers have been answered. God has banished all pain. and He gives me strength every day.—Mrs. F. L. Duren, 420 Malone street, Houston, Tex.

A WONDERFUL TESTIMONY TO GOD'S SAVING AND HEALING POWER

Being consumed by a raging fever, L. C. DeWeese, of Houston, Texas, of the First Army Corps, American Expeditionary Forces, was carried out of the Argonne Forest, November 13, two days after the signing of the Armistice. From hospital to hospital skilled physicians and surgeons labored for months, finally declaring the case hopeless and turned the patient over to the internes in the hospital to await death, a certificate already having been issued.

When taken to the hospital first this soldier was vomiting and suffering intensely. From this hospital he was removed to Base Hospital 119 at Vichy, maintained by the government at this popular watering place. Here he remained several months, his condition growing worse. From here he was sent to Bordeaux to be sent to the United States. He was practically confined to his bed continually, his condition being too bad to rejoin his outfit. He finally landed in New York and was removed to Debarkation Hospital No. 3. From there he was removed to the base hospital at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo. Here X-Ray pictures were taken, showing that the stomach had been

eaten out, and resembled a sponge.

Following this, an operation was performed on May 8, 1919. During this operation the appendix, a greater part of the intestines and part of the stomach were removed. So serious was this operation that life seemed to pass from the body and the pulse beat so faint that physicians were unable to detect pulse or respiration, and the kidneys refused to function, all water drying up and mortification setting in from the chest down.

It was now apparent that the case was hopeless and a death certificate was issued.

From this very comatose state a very faint spark of life became visible and the patient began to revive.

"Now," said DeWeese, "the Lord whom I had rejected, began to speak to me, while those at home prayed that my life would be spared. Physicians attending admitted they had reached the limit of their skill. God alone must do the rest. Having improved sufficiently to leave the hospital, I took up vocational training in the Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa. But three weeks were spent here, and it was necessary for me to again return to the hospital.

"I then repaired to Des Moines, Iowa. Here it was found necessary for me to submit to another operation. After making an incision the physicians concluded they could go no further, and they sewed me up. I was informed they had done all they could and it was a matter of a short time until death would claim me. I left the hospital for home, where I was to die.

"When in Houston, I heard of the Old-Time Revival and the wonderful healing being accomplished in answer to prayer. I attended the meeting and heard Evangelist Raymond T. Richey, and became interested in the meetings. Here I was convicted of my sins and surrendered my life to God. A few nights later I was prayed for and miraculously healed. I am five feet eleven inches in height, and had fallen off until my weight was no more than one hundred pounds. Now I weigh around two hundred pounds, eat well, and am enjoying perfect health. During my sickness I was permanently barred from school on the grounds of permanent disability, the physician stating I would never again be able to resume my studies. By the United States Veteran's Bureau Vocational Training Board I was rated Class "D."

WITH WHOM WE HAVE TO RECKON

Perhaps in all the very remarkable chapter of that very remarkable Epistle to the Hebrews there is no more striking verse than the thirteenth. The Moffatt translation of this verse reads as follows: "And no created thing is hidden from Him, all things lie open and exposed before the eyes of Him with whom we have to reckon."

Do you, unsaved friend, man or woman, ever stop to ponder that a time is coming when every thought, word and deed shall be as open as though shouted from the house top? Do you realize that it is really true that every secret thing shall be made public? Do you know that the unkind words long since forgotten by you shall in that day be brought before you? Have you ever stopped to think that the things you did in yesteryears shall in that day come up from the dim vistas of the past to mock you and to taunt you and to tantalize you with the knowledge that you did the thing thinking that no one would ever know? Can you even conceive with what terror you will face, not only your words and deeds, but your very thoughts—for every secret thing shall be revealed—all things lie open and exposed before the eyes of Him with whom we have to reckon. Can you imagine the humility that will be yours when you stand before Him in that day and in the great books of God you see recorded the mean things, the cruel things, the unkind things, some of them so terrible that you have never dared to speak them, but they were hidden in the innermost recesses of your heart and now they lie open and exposed—before the eyes of HIM WITH WHOM WE HAVE TO RECKON—and who is it with whom we have to reckon? Is it that man, that woman, that child we stole from, we lied to, we gossiped about? Is it the

person you "forgot" to pay the debt you owed? Is it the faithful pastor who dared to tell you the truth about your soul and angered you and you refused to pay his salary? Is it the Sunday school Superintendent you refused to help bear the burden of the Master's Work? Perhaps it is the Sunday school teacher who Sunday after Sunday stood before you and tried to teach you of Him who is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto Him, while you, young man, young woman, with your mind and your heart filled with other things, whispered foolish nothings to your classmates and scarcely knew whether the lesson was found in the old Testament or the New? Maybe it is mother, dear faithful, tender, loving mother, who through the years prayed for her boy, for her girl, that they might find the Saviour. Maybe it is father, tired, almost exhausted with the cares and the labor of the day, but never too weary to read a chapter from God's book and gather his family about for the evening hour of worship. Or it may be that Evangelist who came to your town and labored earnestly, faithfully, tirelessly, declaring so far as in him lay, the whole counsel of God, pleading that you would turn your wayward feet toward Calvary and life, but you carelessly chose death instead.

Ah No! Friend, it is none of these with whom we have to reckon. A mightier than man, woman, or child; a mightier than pastor, Sunday school superintendent,

a mightier than Sunday school teacher, a mightier than mother, a mightier than father, it is HE, the Great I AM, the Eternal God, the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last—He, the Creator of the ends of the earth, who faints not, neither is weary, He who spoke this old earth into existence, who could destroy us with the breath of His nostrils and yet who loved us so that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life. It is He with whom we have to reckon.

And what, my friend, will be that reckoning? What will you have to say for yourself in that day? What will your excuse be when you stand before the King of all the earth and sentence is about to be passed, nay not passed, for sentence was passed long since, "he who believes not is condemned already."

Methinks I hear the great Judge say, "John (or Mary), have you anything to say for yourself, is there any reason why judgment should not be meted out to you? Is there any reason why punishment should not be given? Are there any extenuating circumstances? And there will be never an answer from your lips in that day. You know, my friend, in earthly courts allowances are sometimes made; there are sometimes mitigating circumstances; sometimes in the heat of anger murder is committed; sometimes in dire extremity a theft is committed; sometimes under the influence

of drink or drug some crime against society and the laws of our land is committed and our judges and jurors make allowances.

In the great Judgment Day there will be no allowance made for anyone. There cannot be. Our God cannot look upon sin with any degree of allowance. How can He? What mitigating circumstance could there be?

Through the years you have had time and opportunity to think calmly and sanely over your action with reference to the Christ of God. You have heard the Word of God read in your home perhaps, if not in the home then in church, in the Sunday School, sometimes, somewhere you have heard His Book read and whether you admitted it to yourself or not, you knew it was God's own Word and you would be judged by it. No matter what your life may have been, no matter how deep in sin the devil may have lured you, no matter how far from the Father's house you may have strayed, you knew that He, the Great Shepherd, came seeking the lost sheep. If you knew it not before, you can know it now. God says, "Come, let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow and though they be red like crimson they shall be as white as wool." How? Why "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's son, cleanses from all sin." "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him and with His stripes we are healed." "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned everyone to his own way,

and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree." "Christ died for the ungodly." He came to call "not the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Since all these promises tell us so plainly and so directly just how to escape the reckoning and we are also told that "there is no other name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, save the name of Jesus" and we are told "without the shedding of blood there is no remission for sin" and we are told that "I am the door of the sheep fold and he that cometh not in by the door, but climbs up some other way is a thief and a robber" and we are told "this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, but men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil." Then can you think of one word you will be able to offer in your own defense?

Is it not better to "come to the shelter's safe retreat. Hide you in the blood of Jesus. Come though the storm clouds round you beat. Hide you in the blood of Jesus?" Remember He has said in His Word, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you."

Better be hiding in the blood of Jesus when that day shall come and then Christ will answer for you in that hour when "everything lies open and exposed before the eyes of Him with whom we have to reckon." He will speak for you and say "Father, that debt was mine and I paid it with my very life blood on the Cross of Calvary."





